A POWER COMIC

IT'S THE COMIC WITH THE HULK!

SMASH!

No.73

24th JUNE 1967

EVERY MONDAY

7d

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

JACK BENNY, THE MEANEST AMERICAN COMEDIAN TO EVER *FIDDLE* A LIVING, IS WITH POLICE CHIEF O'HARA!

YOU'D BEST GET DOWN HERE TO SYMPHONY HALL AT *ONCE*, CAPED CRUSADER! YOU *AND* THE LAD!

JACK *BENNY*? *ROBBED*?? WE'RE ON OUR WAY, CHIEF O'HARA!

WOW!

IF WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT MR. BENNY IS *TRUE*, THE CROOKS MUST HAVE USED *ETHER*!!

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WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A *ROBBERY*, MR. BENNY?

WAIT A MINUTE, BATMAN! FIRST THINGS FIRST!

Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc.

THIS SEEMS LIKE A FUNNY TIME TO BE SIGNING HIS *AUTOGRAPH BOOK*!

EASY, CHUM! IT'S AN *HONOUR*, YOU KNOW!

THANKS, FELLAS! THERE MUST BE *SOME* RESTAURANT IN HOLLYWOOD THAT'LL SWAP THESE FOR A COUPLE OF *FREE DINNERS*!

HOLY URIAH HEEP!

EXCUSE ME, MR. BENNY, SIR, BUT ABOUT THE *ROBBERY*--

OH, *THAT*! WELL, THE FACT IS, BATMAN, MY *STRADIVARIUS* HAS BEEN STOLEN!

IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO *FIND*--

AFTER ALL, AN EXPENSIVE *FOREIGN CAR* LIKE *THAT* IS PRETTY *CONSPICUOUS*!

TURN THE PAGE, FANS!

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A STRADIVARIUS IS A *VIOLIN*, CHUM!

OH...

BUCK UP, BOY WONDER! *ANYBODY* CAN MAKE A STUPID MISTAKE *ONCE* IN A WHILE!

I'M HERE TO DO A *BENEFIT CONCERT* FOR THE *GOTHAM CITY SYMPHONY*, YOU KNOW...

EVERY MUSIC-LOVER IN TOWN IS *GRATEFUL*, MR. BENNY!

...AND OBVIOUSLY NOW THAT MY *STRADIVARIUS* HAS BEEN STOLEN, I CAN'T *PLAY!*

HOLY TEMPERAMENT, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE WHAT *FIDDLE* YOU PLAY ON??

COULDN'T WE JUST DO BUSINESS WITH *BATMAN*, CHIEF O'HARA-- AND FORGET THE *KID*?

TO USE A *SHOW-BIZ* PHRASE, MR. BENNY, SIR, I'M AFRAID THEY'RE SORT OF A *PACKAGE DEAL!*

I'M SORRY, MR. BENNY, BUT ROBIN AND I DON'T TAKE PRIVATE CASES!

BUT MY STOLEN STRADIVARIUS IS WORTH A *HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!*

I'D EVEN OFFER A *REWARD*... A *SMALL* REWARD, THAT IS... SORT OF A *TOKEN*...

WE *NEVER* ACCEPT *REWARDS!*

CONCERT JACK BENNY

OH *NO*?? SUPPOSE I OFFERED YOU *A THOUSAND DOLLARS AN HOUR*??

A GULP!! WHAT?!?

WE *ACCEPT!*

I MUST HAVE LOST MY *HEAD*, BUT I *SAID* IT, SO I'LL GO *THROUGH* WITH IT...

$1,000 FOR EVERY HOUR IT TAKES US TO RECOVER YOUR STOLEN STRADIVARIUS!

PAYABLE TO *CHARITY*, OF COURSE!

JUST LET ME *CHANGE* AND WE'LL GET *GOING!*

YOU MEAN *YOU'RE* GOING *WITH* US, MR. BENNY?

AT *THESE* PRICES, I WANT TO BE SURE YOU KEEP *WORKING!*

HE'S GOT A *POINT*, ROBIN!

STRENUOUS STUFF FOR A 39-YEAR-OLD! CAN THE FAMOUS FIDDLER KEEP UP WITH THE DYNAMIC DUO??

WELL-*LOOK!*→

LOOK, LYDIA! *JACK BENNY*--DRIVING THE *BATMOBILE!*

WE'RE OFF TO A SLOW START— BUT THE BRAKES ARE *OFF* NEXT ISH!

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Percy's Pets

NO DOUBT YOU BRIGHT READERS HAVE HEARD OF MANX CATS — THE CATS WITH NO TAILS...

...WELL, BUNNY'S A MANX RABBIT — SHE HASN'T GOT A TAIL, EITHER!

SMASH!

BUY SMASH

MMM'S GOOD TOO!

GRRR! I'M GOING TO GET ME A TAIL IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

LEAVE IT TO ME, BUNNY! I KNOW JUST WHERE TO GET YOU A TAIL!

SO IS POW!

PERCY'S MUM'S POWDER-PUFF WILL MAKE A SMASHING TAIL FOR BUNNY!

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

CREAM

SNATCH!

WAAH! MY POWDER-PUFF! SOMEONE'S NICKED IT!

WAA-AAH! STOP THIEF!

HEH! HEH! NOT BLOOMING LIKELY!

ZOOM!

WOODWORM

??

TWITCH! TWITCH!

OH, NO! I DINK I'M GOING TO SNEEZE!

ATCHOO!

??

TICKLE! TICKLE!

ATCHOOOO!

ELEPHANT-SIZE BLAST

AAGH! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

WHOOOSH!

WELL — BUNNY'S GOT A TAIL NOW — BUT SHE'S STILL NOT HAPPY!

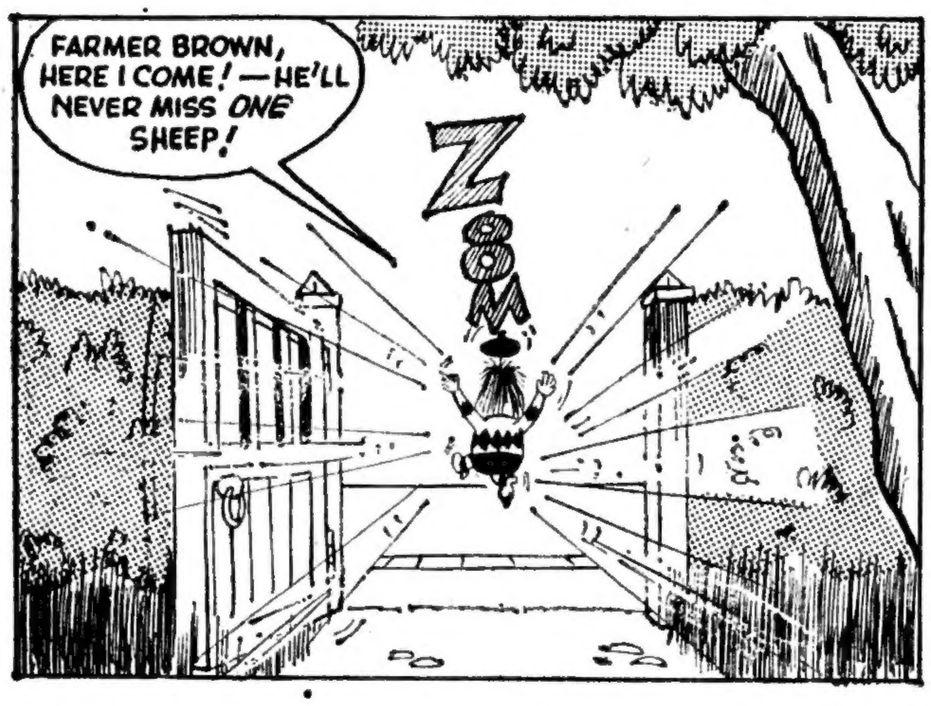
BAH! I'VE GOT A **TAIL** NOW — BUT NO BLINKING **FUR**! YOU CAN'T WIN! BRRR! BRRR!

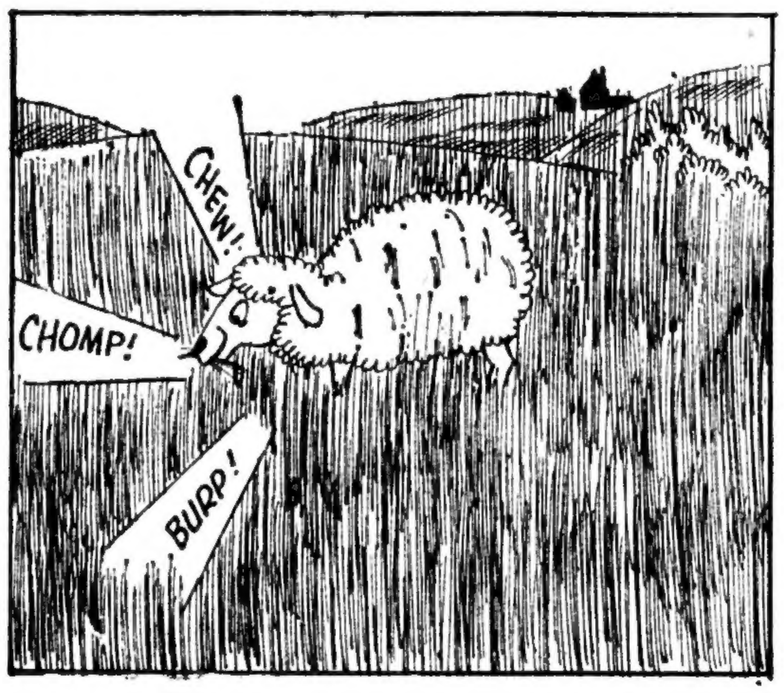
AND SHE'LL SOON HAVE A SORE TAIL WHEN MUM FINDS OUT WHERE HER POWDER PUFF IS!

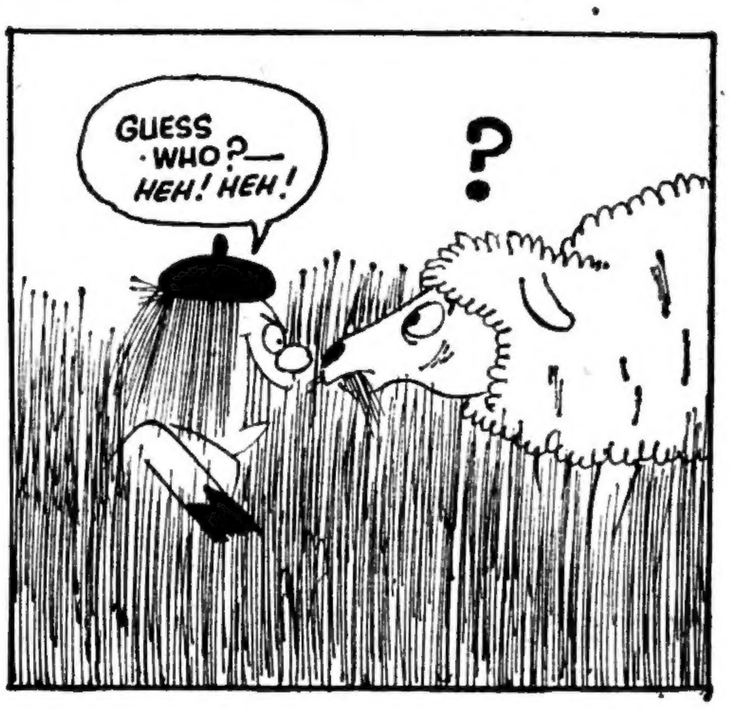
GLUE

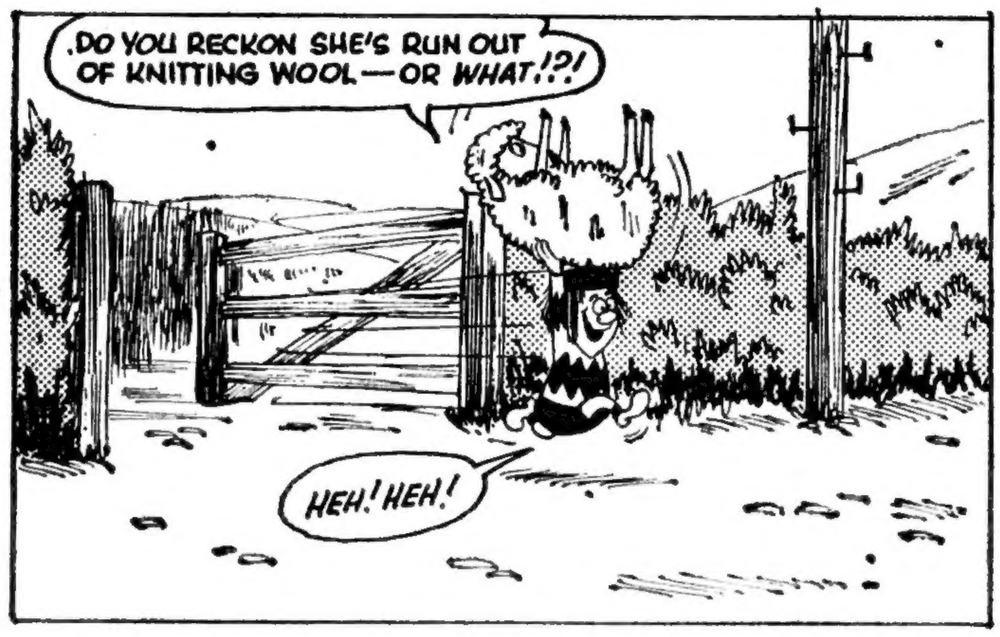
BAD PENNY

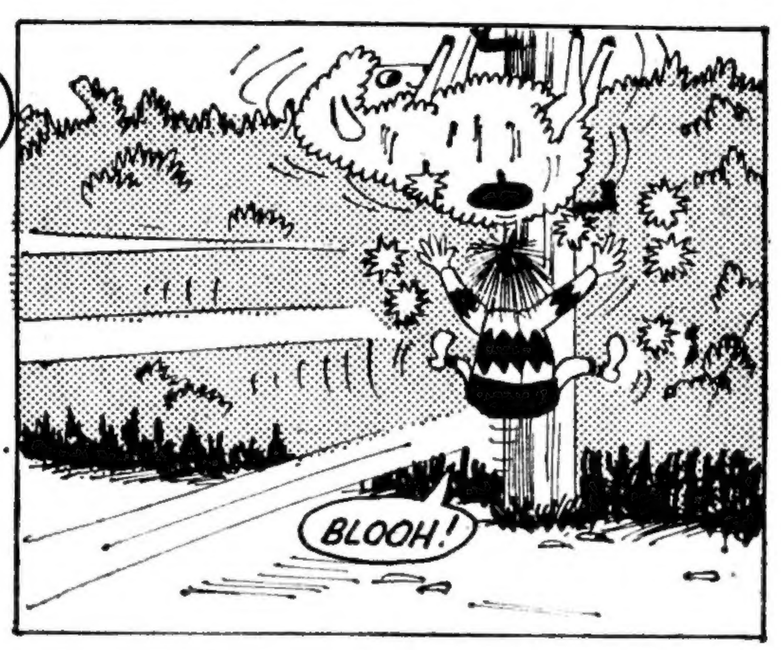
ONE PENNY 1967

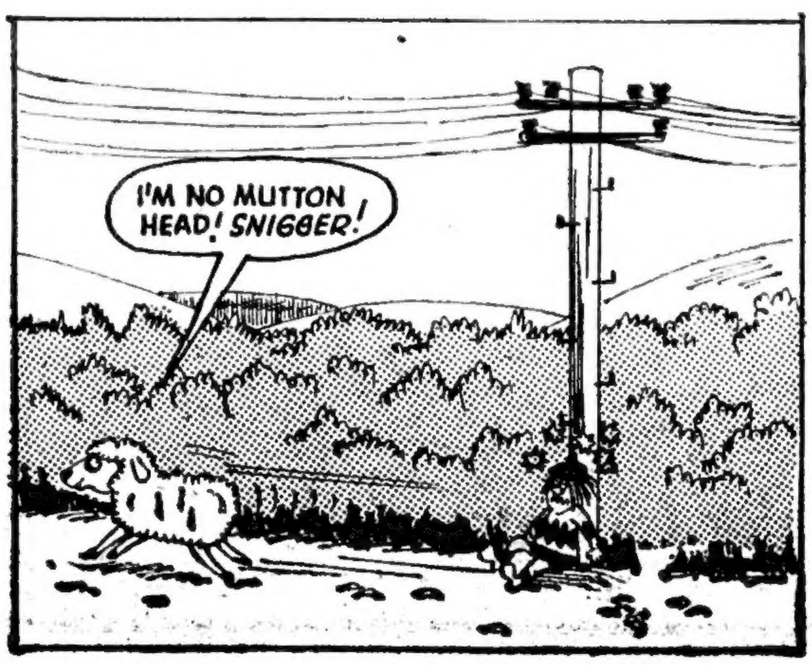


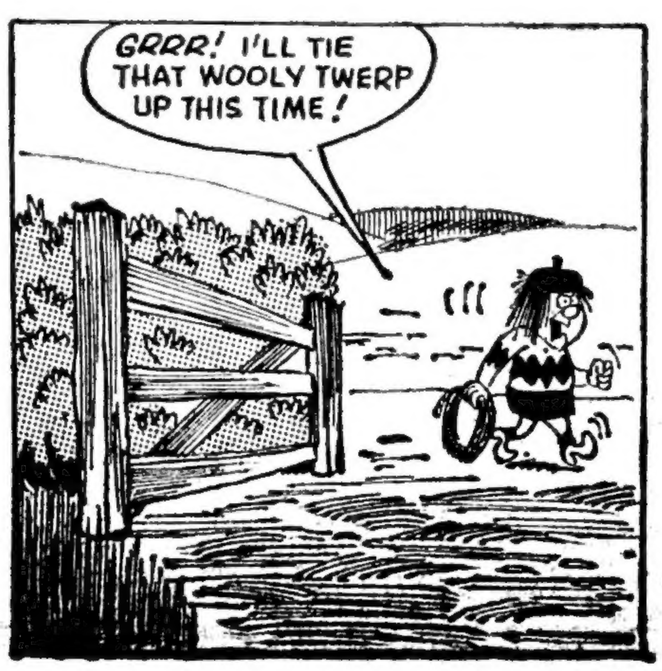


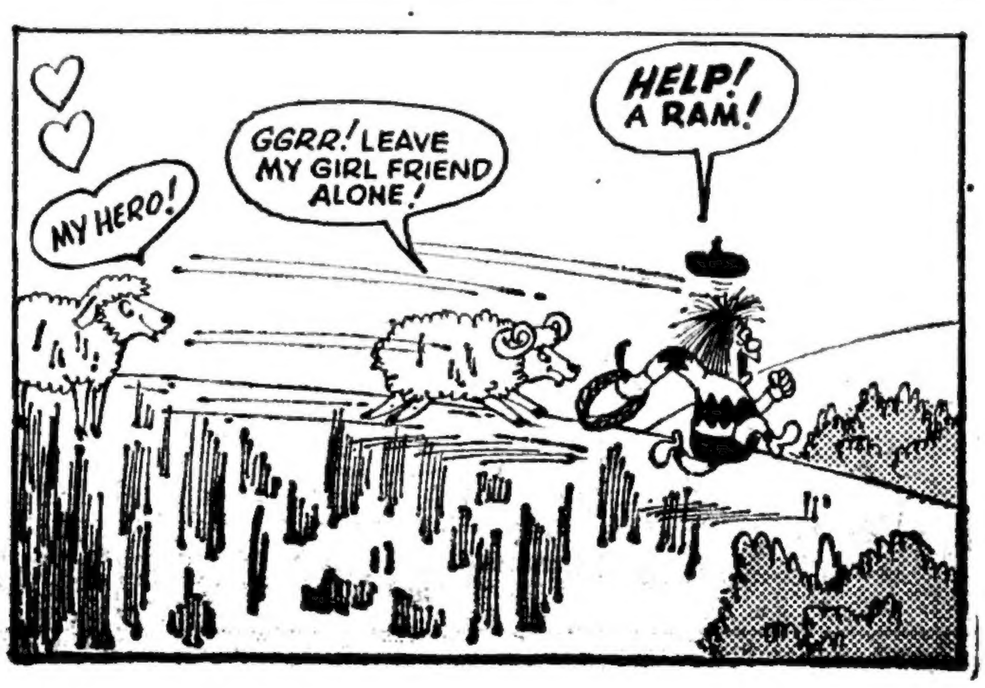












HEH! HEH! IT'S FUN TOSSING PENNIES!

HOPE I COME DOWN TAILS — GULP!

ALL I HAVE IS EWE — EWE ALONE ARE MINE

GRR! I CAME DOWN HEADS!

I DON'T HAVE TO GO INTO THE FIELD! I'LL LASSO A SHEEP!

YEEK!

HO! HO! I DID IT! BACK HOME WE GO!

BAAH! BAH!!

THE LAZY LITTLE BLIGHTER —!!

THIS IS THE LIFE!

HO! HO! YOU'LL HAVE TO MOW THE GRASS, AFTER ALL — YOUR SHEEP'S HAD ENOUGH!

BURP! BELCH!

FULL UP!

OH, NO!

TEACH HER NOT TO BE LAZY!

GRRR! GET ON WITH IT — OR ELSE!

BAAH! IT'S A HARD LIFE!

PUFF! THIS IS ENOUGH TO PUT ME OFF MY FOOD FOR LIFE!

OH, NO!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

IN ROME, RUBBERMAN HAS MADE A MORTAL ENEMY OF A MACABRE CREATURE OF DARKNESS — DOCTOR GLOOM...

DAYS PASS. ACCOMPANIED BY HIS REPORTER FRIEND, WAYNE MARTIN, RUBBERMAN HAS KEPT WATCH ON ALL WHO CAME TO SEE THE ANCIENT MYSTIC SUN STONE...

WITHIN A FEW HOURS THE SUN STONE WILL BE WITHDRAWN FROM PUBLIC VIEW. AND THE MAN I PRAYED WOULD COME TO SEE IT HAS NOT SHOWN UP!

DON'T DESPAIR, RUBBERMAN. YOU'LL FIND THIS FAKIR GUY SOMEHOW... SOMEWHERE...!

THE SUN STONE

ONLY HE WHOSE CURSE TURNED ME INTO AN INDIA-RUBBER FREAK CAN MAKE ME A NORMAL HUMAN AGAIN. HOW MUCH LONGER MUST I SEARCH? HOW MUCH LONGER...?

THAT MAN OVER THERE— IT—IT'S RUBBERMAN!

AND IN A DIFFERENT PART OF ROME ANOTHER VOICE IS RAISED—IN ANGUISH...

AM I TO ENDURE THIS AGONY FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE—THIS CURSE OF DARKNESS? AM I DOOMED NEVER AGAIN TO FEEL THE WARMTH OF THE SUN?

THEN THE VOICE RISES TO A SUDDEN SHRIEK OF FEAR...

THE LIGHT! THE LIGHT! CLOSE OUT THE LIGHT!

I'M SORRY, DOCTOR. BUT I'VE GOT THE GUY YOU ASKED FOR, RIGHT HERE!

BENEATH HIS MACABRE ANTI-LIGHT SUIT, DOCTOR GLOOM'S FACE TWISTS INTO A MIRTHLESS SMILE...

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? WHO IS THIS...THIS BRUTE WHO BROUGHT ME HERE? WHO ARE YOU...?

AH, THE BRILLIANT PROFESSOR LEPPO! THE WORLD'S LEADING AUTHORITY ON THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF LIVING BODIES. FORGIVE ME IF I DO NOT ANSWER YOUR BARRAGE OF QUESTIONS... BUT WE HAVE OTHER THINGS TO DO!

LOOK AT ME, MY DEAR PROFESSOR! **LOOK INTO MY EYES!**

UUUHHH!...THEY BURN...INTO MY BRAIN...!

AND WITHIN MERE SECONDS...

HIS BRAIN IS NOW UNDER MY COMMAND, OTTO. HE WILL DO EXACTLY WHAT I TELL HIM TO DO.

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING ALL WORKED OUT, EH, DOCTOR? SOME PLAN TO GET YOUR OWN BACK ON THAT RUBBERMAN?

RUBBERMAN... RUBBERMAN! HOW THE VERY NAME FILLS ME WITH ANGER. YES, OTTO, I HAVE A PLAN. BUT WE MUST NOT UNDERESTIMATE THE INTELLIGENCE OF OUR ENEMY. WE MUST BE CUNNING... SUBTLE! WE MUST ENSURE THAT THE EVENTS TO COME FORM A LOGICAL CHAIN OF DEVELOPMENT!

THE NEXT DAY...

SAVE ME! SAVE ME!

GOOD GRIEF! THAT TRUCK'S TRYING TO RUN HIM DOWN!

Tallarini SARTORIA

HELP ME! SAVE...UUUHHH!

THAT'S ONE THING ABOUT LIFE...THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE ELSE'S TROUBLES TO TAKE YOUR MIND OFF YOUR OWN MISERY!

AS THE KILLER-TRUCK RUSHES ON...

UUUHHH! WHAT... WHAT HAS...H-HAPPENED?

THE DRIVER SEEMS SUDDENLY TO HAVE AWAKENED FROM A DEEP SLEEP...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, SIGNOR. I WOULD NOT HARM ANYONE...!

HE *REALLY* DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING!

YOU SAVED MY LIFE!

STRANGE! IT WAS ALMOST AS IF THAT DRIVER HAD BEEN HYPNOTISED!

I RECOGNISE YOU— YOU'RE RUBBERMAN! EVEN IF I HAD NOT WITNESSED YOUR ASTONISHING FEAT, I WOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU FROM PICTURES IN THE NEWSPAPERS. I AM PROFESSOR LEPPO...

IT IS INCREDIBLE THAT WE SHOULD MEET. FOR EVEN THIS VERY MORNING, I COMPLETED AN EXPERIMENT WHICH MAY CHANGE YOUR OWN BODILY CONDITION...!

YOU MEAN... CHANGE ME INTO *FLESH AND BLOOD*...?

RUBBERMAN IS TAKEN TO THE GREAT SCIENTIST'S LABORATORY...

WITH THIS I HAVE COMPLETELY CHANGED THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF A SYNTHETIC MODEL... BUT ALTHOUGH IT WAS SUCCESSFUL THE MOST IMPORTANT STEP HAS YET TO BE MADE.

YOU MEAN, IT HAS YET TO BE TRIED OUT ON A REAL LIVING OBJECT... A HUMAN BEING?

YOU, WHO HAVE SO MUCH TO GAIN... WILL YOU DO IT? WILL YOU TAKE PART IN THE **CONCLUSIVE** EXPERIMENT?

IF YOU THINK THERE'S THE SLIGHTEST HOPE... THEN I WILL. FOR IT IS AT LEAST A *CHANCE* OF BEING **NORMAL** AGAIN!

BUT...

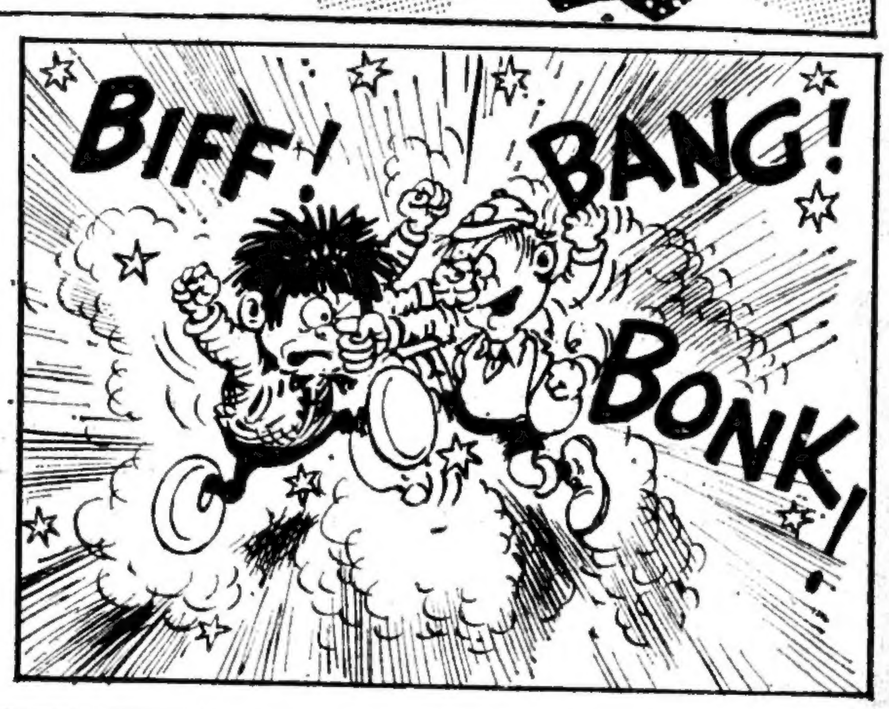
HE'S FALLEN FOR IT, DOCTOR. LEPPO IS STRAPPING HIM TO THAT GADGET YOU DREAMED UP. IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES RUBBERMAN WILL BE *NOTHING...JUST NOTHING AT ALL!*

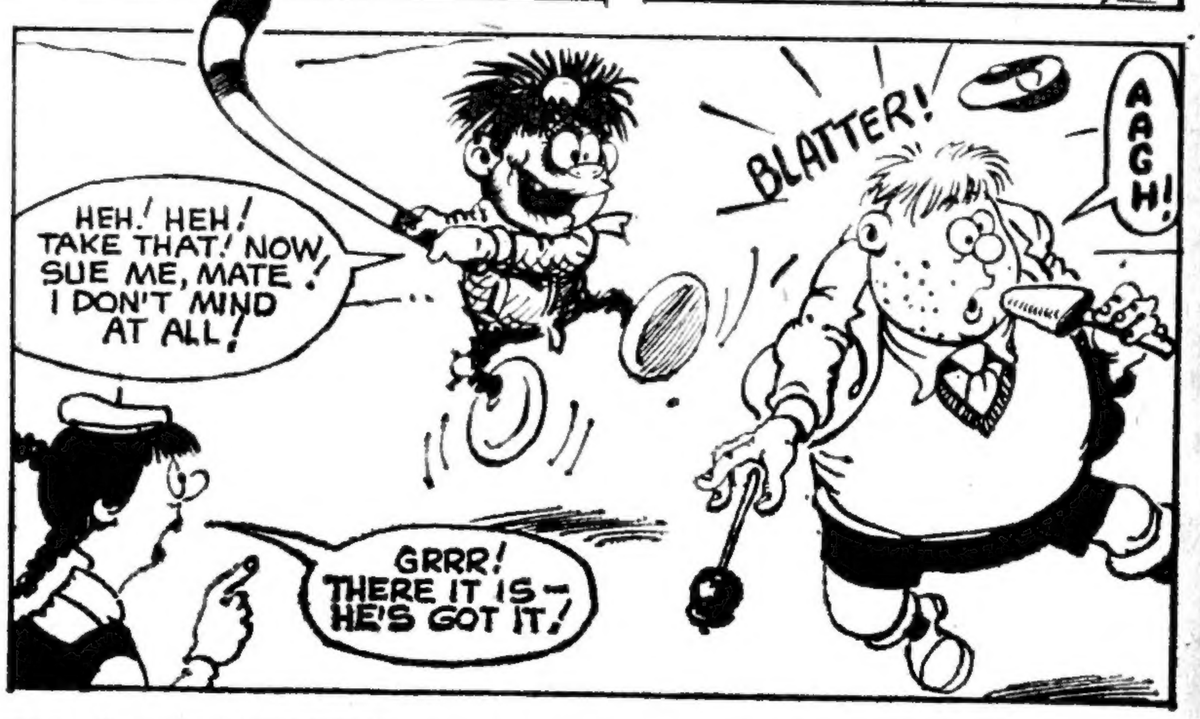
ONCE AGAIN RUBBERMAN IS AT THE MERCY OF THE SINISTER DOCTOR GLOOM! AND **THAT** IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THRILLS NEXT WEEK!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH

GREAT MULTIPLYING MILLIONS—A CHAP HERE SUED A BLOKE FOR £3,000 WHO BEAT HIM UP!
MAYBE IF I BASHED THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS OUT OF SOME-ONE...
...THEY'LL SUE ME AND I'LL LOSE ALL MY LOLLY!





MEET... Mister Knowall *

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

"DO you know how to make a doll's handbag out of a cigarette packet?" asks ***Knowall Jackie Bridges of Portsmouth.***

We're printing Jackie's knowhow because it's surprising how many of you power packed 'He-men' like doing things for sisters and girl-friends (shucks!). And in any case it's a clever little gimmick to show off with.

(1) *You'll need an empty pack of any make of cigarettes—except those with a flip-top lid.*

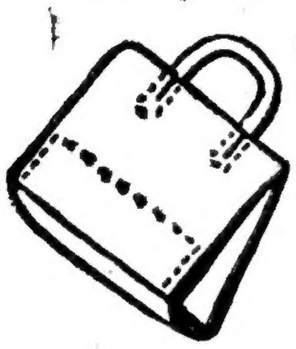
(2) *Take the inner tray out of the cover and remove the silver paper.*

(3) *Bend the cover in half across its width. Giving you this shape.*

(4) *Cut or tear the 'tabs' off the inner tray and then cut about ¾ in. off its top or bottom.*

(5) *Slip the ends of the larger piece into the openings of the bent cover, so that it forms the bottom of your bag.*

(6) *Now cut two slits at the top of the bag and . . .*



(7) *. . . rolling the ¾ in. you cut from the bottom of the tray into a tight band, insert it into the slits to make the handle.*

All that should take you about half a minute to do . . . try it and you'll be surprised at the result.

You can, of course, either paint the bag or stick the silver paper from the packet on to it for decoration.

DID YOU KNOW?

We all know that a helicopter's blades set up quite an air-current when rotating. Well, a pilot used this to save the lives of the crew of a sailing boat which was drifting towards a clump of rocks, in the West Indies. Realising that he would not be able to get the crew off in time, he flew low, tilting his helicopter so that the wind from its blades blew the craft away from the rocks—so saving both crew *and* boat!

ALL SQUARE

Lay down four matches like this. Now—by moving ONE match, see if you can form a square out of them. It's easy when you know how . . . and the answer is below.

Mind Reader . . . .

Get your mates to call out slowly the names of ten famous people.

As they call them out, you write down each name on a separate slip of paper, fold it up and put it in a box or a cap.

Now ask one of your mates to take one folded slip out of the box and keep it.

Tip out the rest from the box and tear them up. When you've done this, you tell your mate the famous name written on the slip he picked out.

How . . .? Well, you wrote the same name (the first that was called out) on EVERY slip in the box. But your mates won't know this, because you've destroyed all the other slips. Thanks to Knowall Bob McNulty of Manchester for this one.

OO!

How would you make a lasso with pigtails asks Knowall Ken Bailey of Tottenham?

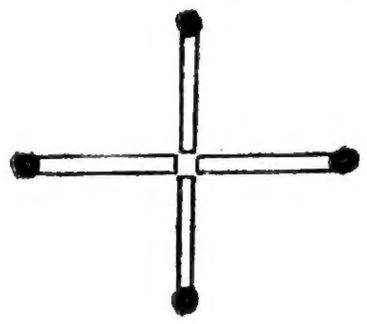
You'll find the answer if you turn the paper upside down—

Give them a good, hard pull—and the lass will go "OO!"

SNAPPY CARTOON FROM— S. WATERS, IPSWICH.

Answer to All Square

Simply move the top match to form a square in the centre where the matches meet.



£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

.....

The feature I don't like is:

.....

My age is: .....

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WAYFINDERS 1967

Tracking Competition Results

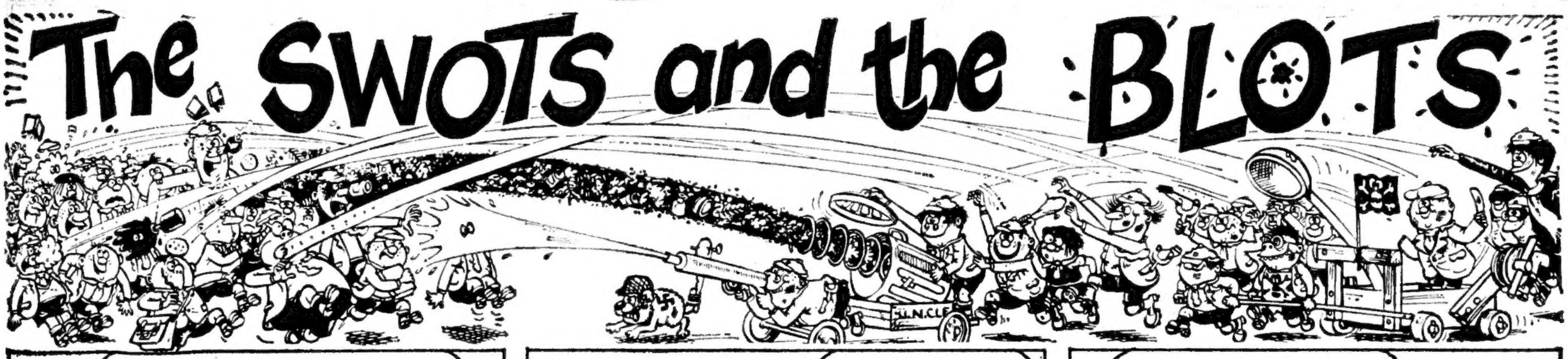
1ST PRIZE

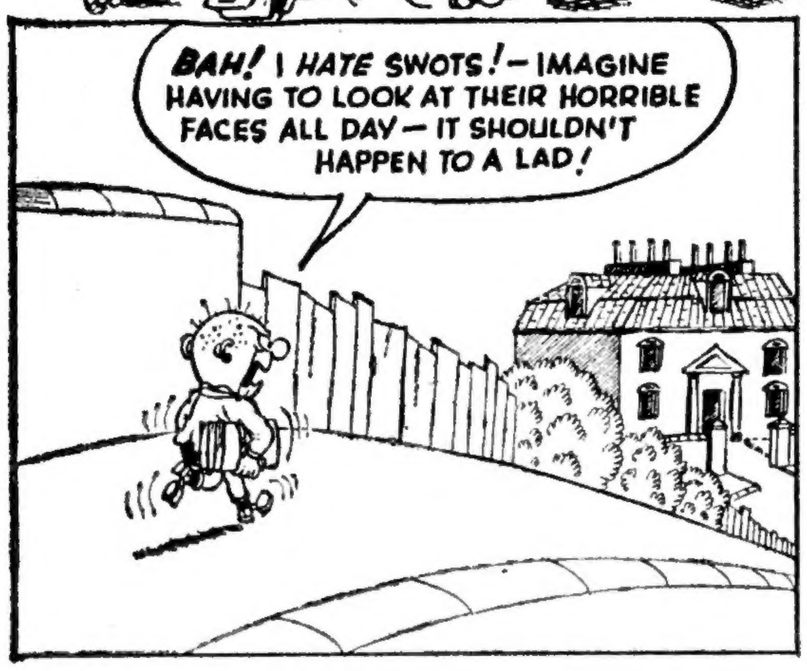
P. Barlow, *Bilsthorpe, Newark.*
M. Baverstock, *London, E.14.*
G. Bray, *Barton-on-Humber, Lincolnshire.*
G. Bunn, *Broadstone, Dorset.*
C. Burton, *London, S.W.4.*
C. Cottam, *Plymouth, Devon.*
N. Critchley, *Inverness, Scotland.*
A. Croome, *Newport, Monmouthshire.*
J. Dowds, *Belfast, 13, N. Ireland.*
G. M. Drodge, *Hinckley, Leicestershire.*
W. Green, *Fort William, Scotland.*
C. Haley, *Somercotes, Derbyshire.*
G. Jones, *Wymondham, Norfolk.*
G. Kilminster, *Wexham Estate, Slough.*
R. Lewis, *Port Talbot, Glamorganshire.*
R. McHugh, *Newport, Monmouthshire.*
D. Muir, *Coatbridge, Scotland.*
D. Oliver, *Dudley, Worcestershire.*
S. Palmer, *Thetford, Norfolk.*
D. Payne, *Paignton, Devon.*
J. M. Rogers, *Lyndhurst, Hampshire.*
B. Snow, *Weymouth, Dorset.*
B. R. Volle, *Brighton, 6, Sussex.*
A. Waller, *Sandling, Maidstone.*
S. Ward, *Hythe, Kent.*

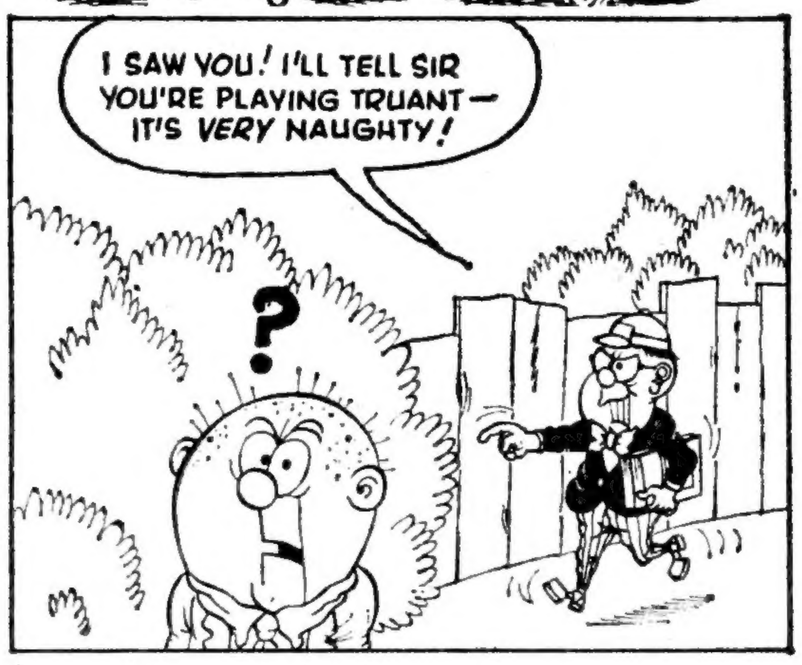
2ND PRIZE

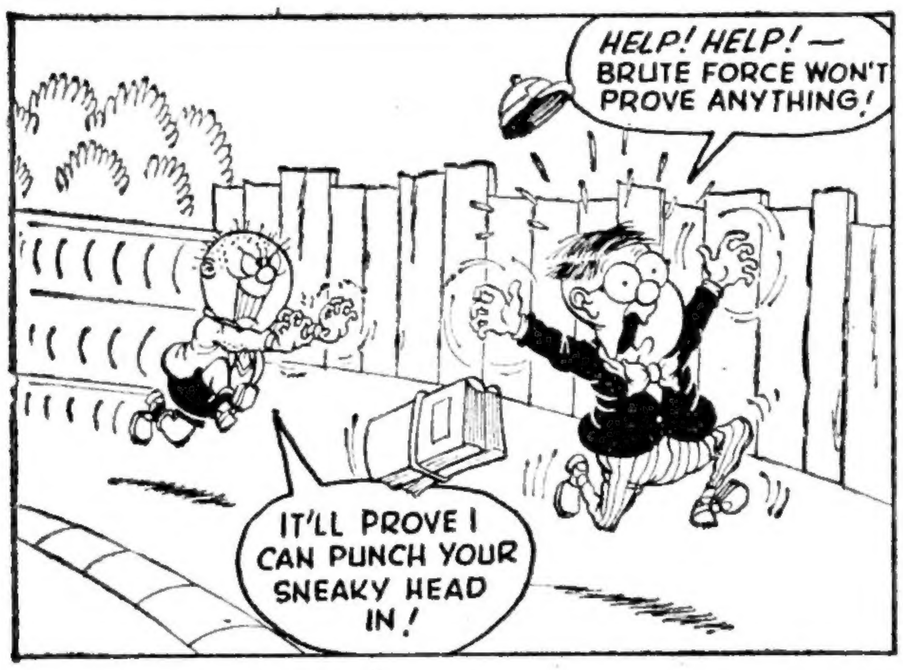
M. Almond, *Wallington, Surrey.*
J. Batchelder, *Littlebourne, Kent.*
N. S. Blofield, *Copnor, Portsmouth.*
A. Borland, *Bangor, Caernarvonshire.*
P. Brissenden, *Sittingbourne, Kent.*
P. Burgess, *Stourport, Worcestershire.*
G. F. Campbell, *Findochty, Banffshire.*
B. L. Chapman, *Tickhill, Near Doncaster.*
G. Climo, *Tintagel, Cornwall.*
P. Coyne, *Laleham, Middlesex.*
M. Denman, *Heavitree, Exeter.*
D. Durston, *Wembley, Middlesex.*
A. Edward, *Aberlour, Banffshire.*
P. Emuss, *Codsall, Wolverhampton.*
J. Flack, *Rushden, Northamptonshire.*
D. Fraser, *Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.*
A. Gerrard, *West Heath, Birmingham, 31.*
A. Gibson, *Ballymena, County Antrim.*
M. J. Gorrard, *Carshalton, Surrey.*
A. M. Graham, *Richmond, Yorkshire.*
J. Gutcher, *Wheatley Hill, Durham.*
J. D. Hall, *Stanwix, Carlisle.*
K. Hebson, *Threlkeld, Cumberland.*
M. Hinchliffe, *Holmbridge, Huddersfield.*
M. Jefferies, *Ickenham, Middlesex.*
D. A. Jones, *High Road West, Halifax.*
T. Kayes, *Giffnock, Glasgow.*
K. Kelsall, *Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire.*
A. Lace, *Egremont, Cumberland.*
J. Lax, *Stanmore, Middlesex.*
R. MacGregor, *Raigmore, Inverness.*
T. Marsh, *Weymouth, Dorset.*
P. Meakin, *Salford, 6, Lancashire.*
D. Moor, *Brough, E. Yorkshire.*
E. Owen, *Tal-y-Cafe, Colwyn Bay.*
A. Paton, *Kilmarnock, Scotland.*
J. Perrymeanc, *Gosport, Hampshire.*
P. Pickersoll, *Leeds, 9, Yorkshire.*
M. P. Regan, *Stoke-sub-Hamdon, Somerset.*
P. Schofield, *Scarborough, Yorkshire.*
L. Selkirk, *Rutherglen, Glasgow.*
P. Smith, *Witney, Oxon.*
R. Taylor, *Scarborough, Yorkshire.*
C. Thornton, *Blackpool, Lancashire.*
T. Tighe, *London, W.3.*
L. Westwood, *Blackheath, Birmingham.*
S. Woods, *Halewood, Liverpool, 26.*
S. P. Yates, *Sheffield, 6, Yorkshire.*
M. Young, *Edinburgh, 7, Scotland.*
S. Youngman, *Plymstock, Devon.*

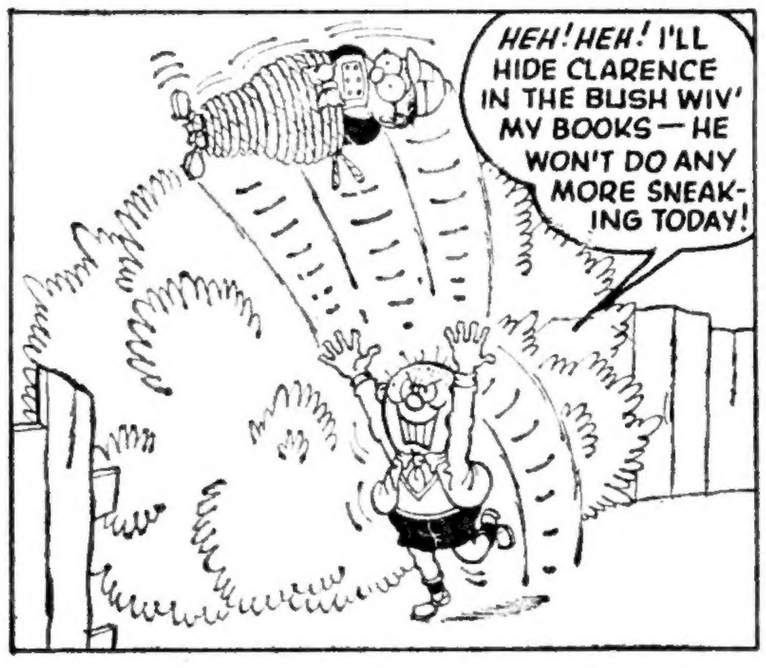
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

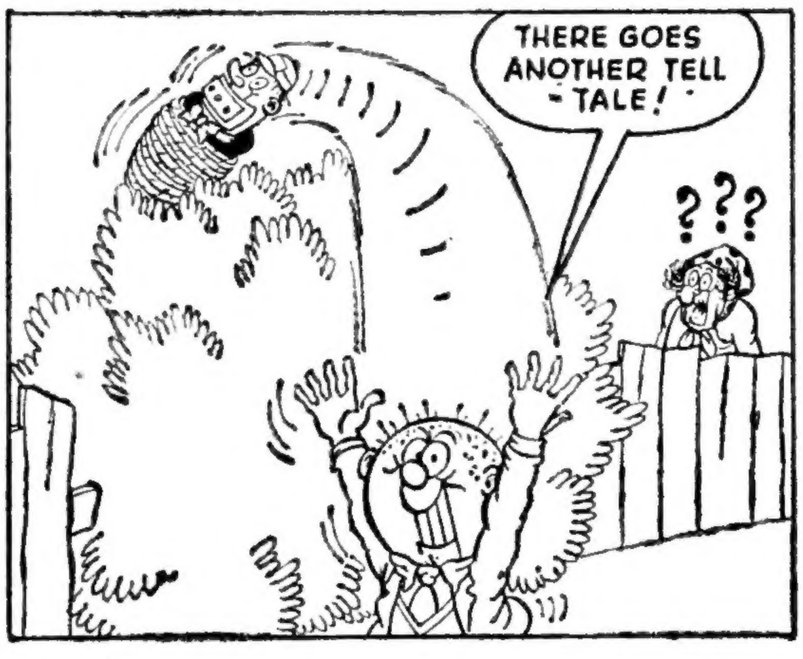


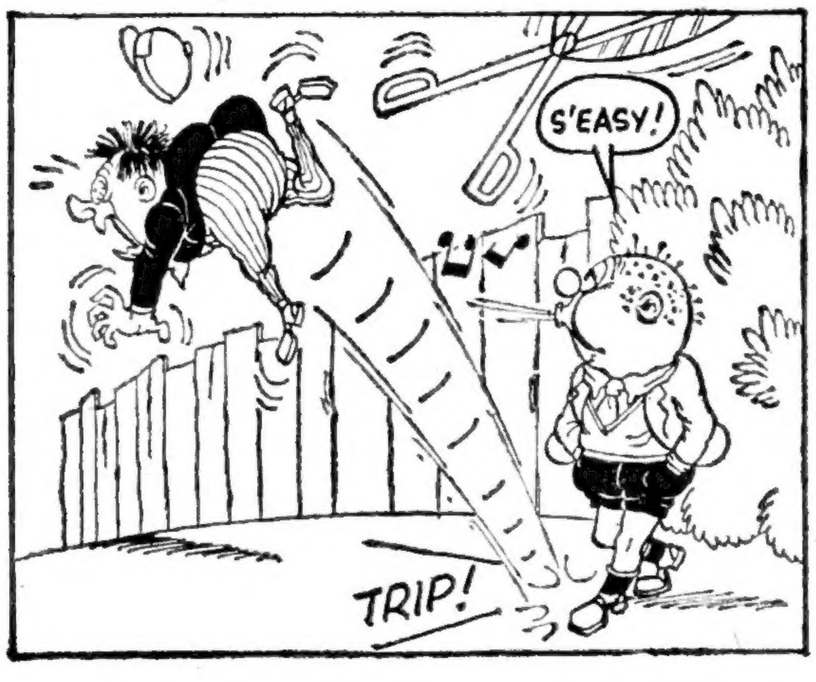


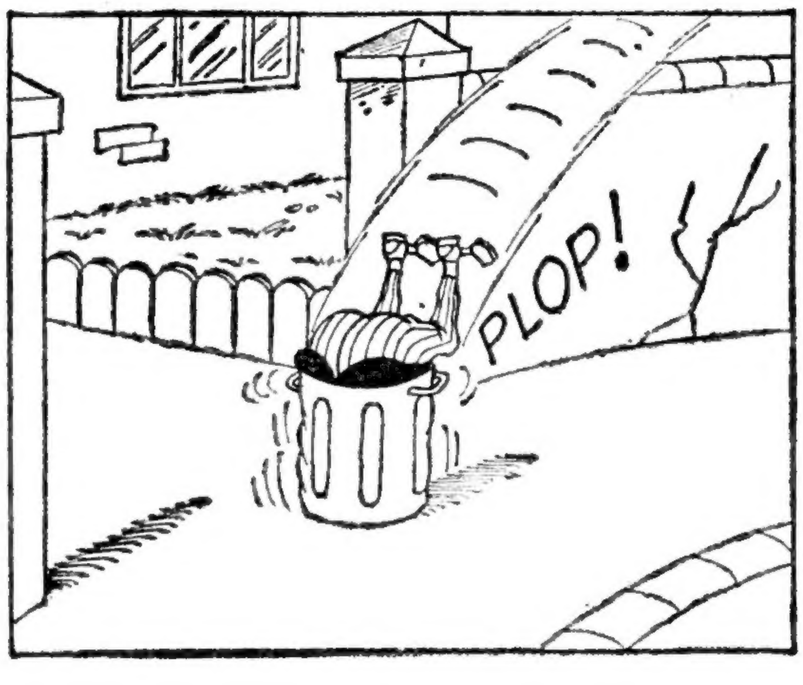


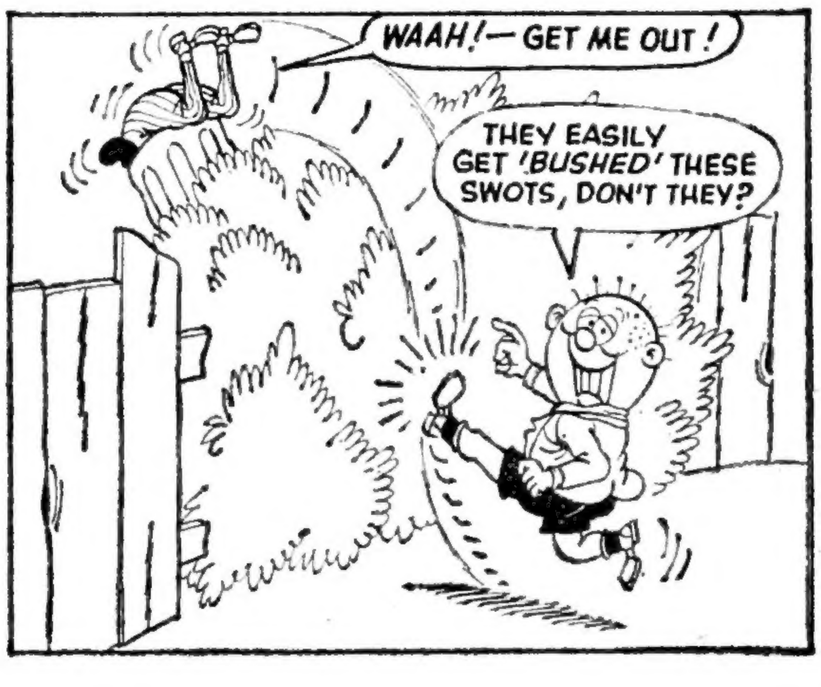












SSH! — HE'S HAD IT *THIS* TIME!

HELP! THAT'S PERCIVAL SWOT — I'D BETTER WARN THE BOSS!

TIP-TIP-TOE!

JUMP!

JUMP!

HULLO — I THINK SQUEAKY'S TRYIN' TO TELL ME SOMETHING!

WELL, WELL — LOOK WHO'S HERE! IF IT ISN'T PERCIVAL SWOT!

ER — H-HELLO —

A FACE LIKE THAT SHOULD BE COVERED! TRY *THIS* ON IT FOR SIZE!

NOT LONG AFTER —

HEH! HEH! YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE THIS, BUT EVERY SWOT IN THE CLASS IS IN THAT BUSH!

GREAT BELLYFULLS OF BUBBLE-GUM — I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING!

THERE CAN'T BE **ANY** ROTTEN LITTLE SWOTS AT SCHOOL TODAY!

YAHOO! HERE ARE MY BOOKS! — OUT *THEY COME!*

A *BLOT!* KEEN TO GO INTO SCHOOL! — I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

TALLY-HO! GANGWAY!

TUT! TUT! THE SWOTS MUST ALL BE PLAYING TRUANT! THEIR PARENTS SAID THEY ALL LEFT HOME BUT NONE HAVE COME TO SCHOOL!

SCHOOL IS GREAT FUN WITHOUT SNEAKY SWOTS!

"THE STAGE IS SET!"

INTRODUCING.... THE MAN CALLED: BOOMERANG!

LIKE WE ALWAYS SAY... A STORY HAS TO START SOMEWHERE! SO HERE GOES!

OBSERVE, GENTLEMEN! THIS FILM WAS TAKEN BY ONE OF OUR *AGENTS*, WHO WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE SPYING AT GENERAL ROSS' *MISSILE BASE* AT THE EXACT MOMENT WHEN THE *HULK* MADE HIS FANTASTIC ESCAPE!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1966

PAY PARTICULAR ATTENTION *HERE*, GENTLEMEN! THE SCENE YOU ARE NOW ABOUT TO WITNESS IS A *VITAL* ONE... IN OUR MASTER PLAN!

YOU WILL NOTICE THAT THIS IS WHERE THE *HULK* BEGINS TO EXECUTE ONE OF HIS ALMOST UNIMAGINABLY POWERFUL *LEAPS* INTO THE AIR! IN THE BACKGROUND YOU CAN SEE *GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS* BARKING AN URGENT COMMAND!

IT IS *THAT* COMMAND WHICH MOST CONCERNS US!

AND *THERE*... ZEROING IN ON THE *HULK*, IS THE REASON *WHY!*

THAT ROCKET, GENTLEMEN, IS THE AIR FORCE'S DREAD *ORION MISSILE*.. ONE OF THE GREATEST WEAPONS IN AMERICA'S ARSENAL!

...A WEAPON WHICH *WE*, OF THE *SECRET EMPIRE*, MUST POSSESS.. FOR OUR OWN PURPOSES!

BUT, WOULD THE *HULK* HIMSELF NOT BE A *GREATER* PRIZE?

THOOM!

SILENCE! SEE HOW THE *ORION* IS PROGRAMMED TO *BLOW UP* WITHIN ONE HUNDRED FEET OF ITS TARGET!

BE SURE TO NOTE THE GREAT RING OF *IONIC ENERGY* WHICH THE EXPLOSION HURLS TOWARDS ITS VICTIM...!

THE *SHOCK* WAVE WHICH ENSUES, WILL SEND *ANYTHING*, OR *ANYONE* PLUNGING TO EARTH...

..EVEN THE *HULK!*

NEEDLESS TO SAY, HOWEVER, HIS GREAT STRENGTH SAVED HIM FROM ANY INJURY WHEN HE FINALLY LANDED!

A BEING SUCH AS *HE* WOULD INDEED BE A PRIZE FOR US... BUT HE IS TOO DANGEROUS..TOO UNCONTROLLABLE!

WE MUST CONCENTRATE INSTEAD UPON THE *ORION MISSILE!*

THUS ENDS OUR LITTLE FEATURE FILM, GENTLEMEN!

I TRUST YOU FOUND IT, EH, *EDUCATIONAL!*

INDEED IT *WAS* NUMBER FIVE!

AS CHIEFS OF OPERATIONS FOR NORTH AMERICA, SOUTH AMERICA, AND EUROPE, IT IS *OUR* JOB TO SELECT AN AGENT TO OBTAIN THE MISSILE FOR OUR *SECRET EMPIRE!*

CLICK

YOU ARE *RIGHT*, NUMBER SEVEN!

THE ONLY LOGICAL CHOICE IS...THE *BOOMERANG!* IF ANYBODY CAN ACCOMPLISH THIS, IT IS *HE!*

I'LL CONTACT HIM AT ONCE...VIA OUR PRIVATE MICRO-WAVE-LENGTH!

KLIKKITY KLAK

MOMENTS LATER, IN ANOTHER CITY..IN ANOTHER STATE..

BOOMERANG SPEAKING! TELL ME THE DETAILS AND GIVE ME THE *PRICE!* OVER!

WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO, FRED?

JUST FIDDLING AROUND WITH MY CITIZENS BAND WALKIE-TALKIE, DOLL! I GET A REAL *CHARGE* OUT OF IT!

TALK *FAST*... AND KEEP IT *LOW!* YOU HAVE EXACTLY THIRTY SECONDS!

YOU WERE SO *GLAMOROUS* A FEW SEASONS AGO WHEN YOU WERE A STAR *PITCHER!* WHAT A PITY THEY *SUSPENDED* YOU!

I DON'T *MISS* IT! I'VE FOUND MANY MORE *IMPORTANT* THINGS!

THE *ORION MISSILE?!!* I UNDERSTAND! I'LL DO IT! OVER AND OUT!

THE SPORTS WRITERS ALL SAID THAT YOU COULD HAVE BEEN THE *GREATEST!*

BY THE WAY, HANDSOME...WHAT *ARE* ALL THOSE IMPORTANT THINGS YOU'RE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT?

THERE'S SO MUCH ABOUT YOU THAT I DON'T KNOW... THAT I FEEL I'LL *NEVER* KNOW!

COME *OFF* IT, HONEY! YOU'RE MAKING ME SOUND LIKE A POOR MAN'S *JAMES BOND!*

I'VE JUST GOT A LOT OF CONFIDENTIAL *BUSINESS DEALS* IN THE WORKS, THAT'S ALL!

AND NOW, *YOU'D* BETTER BE GOING, TOO, HONEY! SOMETHING CAME UP THAT I'VE GOT TO ATTEND TO *RIGHT AWAY!*

LET ME TAKE A RAIN CHECK ON THAT DINNER-DANCE AT ARTHUR'S!

ALL RIGHT, FRED..THERE'LL BE OTHER NIGHTS!

BUT, IF YOU BREAK *ONE MORE* DATE WITH ME... IT'LL BE THE *LAST TIME!*

IF MY *LUCK* DOESN'T HOLD OUT ON THIS JOB, IT REALLY *WILL* BE THE LAST TIME!

WISH ME LUCK, LADY! IF THIS DEAL TURNS OUT OKAY, I'LL BE ON *EASY STREET* FOR LIFE!

I'LL CALL YOU FIRST CHANCE I GET!

FORGIVE ME IF I DON'T HOLD MY BREATH!

THEN, NO SOONER HAS THE IRATE GIRL DEPARTED, WHEN...

I CAN'T WASTE ANY TIME! THIS JOB IS A *BIG* ONE! I'LL START SCOUTING THE MISSILE BASE *TONIGHT!*

IT'LL ONLY TAKE A FEW MINUTES TO SLIP INTO MY *WORKING GEAR...*

AND THEN, THE *BOOMERANG* WILL STRIKE TONIGHT!

*MEANWHILE, AS WE SAW LAST ISH, THE SUBTERRANEAN FORCES OF THE MYSTERIOUS *MOLE MAN* SWEEP RELENTLESSLY TOWARDS THE HEART OF *TYRANNUS!* KINGDOM!*

ATTACK, MY MINDLESS MINIONS... *ATTACK!*

TYRANNUS MUST BE DESTROYED BEFORE HE CAN FIND THE SOURCE OF THE *YOUTH FOUNTAIN!*

SO LONG AS HE REMAINS AN AGED, HELPLESS RELIC, NOTHING CAN STOP ME FROM OVER-RUNNING ALL OF EARTH'S CORE!

BUT, WHEN THE TWO FANATICAL FORCES FINALLY COME TO GRIPS, NEITHER SIDE NOTICES THE TATTERED, DESPERATE MAN WHO VIEWS THE SCENE WITH EVER-GROWING CONCERN..!

I'VE GOT TO FIND *BETTY*... SHE, MAJOR TALBOT, AND RICK WERE TRAPPED DOWN HERE SOMEWHERE!

IF THEY WERE TO BECOME EMBROILED IN THIS FIGHT, *ANYTHING* MIGHT HAPPEN!

PAM

FWOOM!

FSSST!

KROW!

AND, I HAVEN'T A MINUTE TO WASTE! IT WAS A *MIRACLE* THAT I CHANGED FROM THE *HULK* TO *BRUCE BANNER* WHEN I DID, BUT...

--I MIGHT BE REVERTING BACK TO THE *HULK* AGAIN AT ANY MOMENT... SO, I'VE GOT TO FIND THEM *FIRST!*

THE LAST I SAW OF THEM, THEY WERE *CAPTIVES*, WITHIN THE CITY OF *TYRANNUS!*

IF ONLY I CAN *REACH* THEM BEFORE THEY'RE ENGULFED BY THE EVER-SPREADING *BATTLE!*

IT WOULD BE EASY FOR THE *HULK* ... HE'D HUFF AND PUFF AND *SMASH* THE WALLS DOWN!

SUDDENLY, AS BRUCE BANNER REACHES A FORK IN THE WINDING TUNNEL, HE SEES ...

TYRANNUS!!

OUT OF MY WAY, STRANGER!! OUT OF MY WAY! I CAN STOP FOR *NOTHING!*

I MUST FIND THE ENCHANTED FOUNTAIN AND REGAIN MY *YOUTH!*

GIVE ME THAT RAY GUN! YOU GO *NOWHERE* UNTIL YOU TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE THREE SURFACE-PEOPLE PRISONERS YOU'RE HOLDING!

I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT *PRISONERS!* THERE WAS ONLY *ONE* SURFACE PRISONER I TOOK... THE GREEN-SKINNED *HULK!*

I DESIRED HIM TO BATTLE THE *MOLE MAN* FOR ME... BUT HE *ESCAPED!*

I *KNOW* ABOUT THE HULK... A LOT MORE THAN YOU CAN SUSPECT! BUT THE *OTHERS*... WHERE ARE *THEY? WHERE ARE THEY?!*

THEY WERE OF NO *USE* TO ME... SO I RETURNED THEM TO THE *SURFACE!*

HOW, MAN? HOW DID THEY GET *BACK??*

BY MY *MATTER TRANSMITTER*, OF COURSE..! *OH..!!*

MY HEAD!! IT'S FALLING TO THE *GROUND!* IT MUSTN'T *BREAK!!* OH *NO! NO!!*

IT IS ALL THAT *REMAINS* OF MY FORMER DAYS OF *GLORY*... DAYS WHEN ALL WHO LIVED BENEATH EARTH'S SURFACE PAID HOMAGE TO *TYRANNUS!*

I'M WASTING MY TIME WITH HIM! HE CAN'T TELL ME ANY MORE! IT'S UP TO *ME* NOW!

I'VE GOT TO FIND THEM *MYSELF!*

ONCE I FIND THE MYSTIC FOUNTAIN, I'LL BE *YOUNG* AGAIN! AND THEN, THE WORLD WILL BE *MINE!*

I'LL SEARCH EVERYWHERE... *EVERYWHERE!* I'LL NEVER STOP LOOKING! *SOME DAY*, I'LL FIND IT!

I'VE GOT TO *HURRY!* I MIGHT CHANGE BACK TO THE *HULK* WITHIN MINUTES!

AND, AS BRUCE BANNER RACES THROUGH THE WEIRDLY WINDING TUNNELS ...

WHAT'S *THIS* ON THE THE GROUND? IT..IT'S *MOISTURE!!* I'VE *FOUND* IT! 'TWAS *FATE* MADE ME DROP THE HEAD!

SOON... *SOON*... I'LL BE AS YOUNG AND HANDSOME AS BEFORE! *THEN*, LET MY ENEMIES *TREMBLE!*

I'LL DESTROY THE MOLE MAN! AND THEN, ONE DAY, I'LL ATTACK THE *SURFACE WORLD!*

NOTHING CAN KEEP ME FROM MY DESTINY *NOW!*

EVEN THE *HULK* MUST BE PUNISHED FOR DESERTING ME!

AND HE *WILL* BE... THEY *ALL* WILL BE!

WHILE, THOUSANDS OF FEET ABOVE, THREE FIGURES BEGIN TO MATERIALIZE ON THE SURFACE OF THIS WONDROUS PLANET OF OURS...

WITHIN SECONDS, THE EPHEMERAL, GOSSAMER IMAGES ASSUME THEIR NATURAL FLESH-AND-BLOOD FORMS... AND THEN...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT HAPPENED, BUT... WE'RE *BACK*... SAFE AND SOUND!

I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT WE *SAW* DOWN THERE! IT'S LIKE SOME *MAD NIGHTMARE!*

BUT, WE *DIDN'T* DREAM IT! AND THE *HULK* IS STILL *DOWN THERE!*

IF THAT'S SO, THEN WE SHOULD BE *GRATEFUL!* HE WON'T MENACE THE HUMAN RACE ANY LONGER!

BUT HE WAS *NEVER* A MENACE! HE JUST WANTED TO BE LEFT *ALONE*... NOT TO BE *HOUNDED*... NOT TO BE HUNTED LIKE SOME WILD ANIMAL!

AND.. IF WHAT RICK TOLD US IS *TRUE*... IF HE REALLY *IS* BRUCE BANNER.. THEN.. I'VE *LOST* HIM... *FOREVER!*

SOMEONE'S COMING!

THAT'S PROBABLY WHAT TALBOT *WANTS!* NOW HE CAN HAVE THE INSIDE TRACK WITH BETTY ROSS!

LOOK! THERE SHE IS! WE'VE *FOUND* HER!

MISS ROSS, YOUR FATHER'S HAD EVERY MAN IN THE AREA SEARCHING FOR YOU FOR *HOURS!* ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

MAJOR TALBOT! AND THE KID, RICK JONES! WE'VE FOUND 'EM *ALL!*

WE'RE ALL OKAY! I'LL REPORT TO THE GENERAL AS SOON AS YOU GET US BACK TO THE POST!

NAGA 629BE

GENERAL ROSS WAS PARTICULARLY ANXIOUS TO SEE YOU, SIR, SINCE YOU'RE OUR CHIEF SECURITY OFFICER, AND HE'S CONCERNED ABOUT THE SAFETY OF THE ORION MISSILE!

HAVE ALL PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES BEEN TAKEN IN MY ABSENCE, LIEUTENANT?

YES, SIR! WE HAVE A TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR GUARD COVERING THE ROCKET!

GOOD! NOW LET'S GET GOING!

POOR DAD! HE MUST HAVE BEEN FRANTIC WITH WORRY!

BUT, AS THE WEARY LITTLE GROUP PREPARES TO CROWD INTO THE STURDY JEEP, A STRANGE COSTUMED FIGURE WATCHES THEM WITH COLD, MERCILESS EYES..!

I'M IN LUCK! I'VE FOUND THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER!

ONCE SHE BECOMES MY HOSTAGE, THE ORION MISSILE WILL BE MINE!

AND THEN BOOMERANG WILL HAVE TRIUMPHED AGAIN!

I'VE MORE THAN ENOUGH METAL DISCS TO DO THE JOB QUICKLY!

THIK!

AND THEN, A SPLIT-SECOND LATER...

WHAT'S THAT??!

THE STEERING WHEEL SHAFT!! SOMETHING SHEARED IT CLEAN OFF!

BRAKE HER, MAN... BEFORE WE CRASH!

LOOK! THAT NUT IN A COSTUME!! HE'S THE ONE THAT DID IT!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TOSSIN', MISTER.. BUT THE BALL GAME'S OVER! DROP IT!!

COME NOW, SOLDIER... YOU WOULDN'T SHOOT A MAN IN COLD BLOOD WHO IS MERELY HOLDING A SMALL METAL-DISC, WOULD YOU?

HE'S RIGHT! HOW CAN I SHOOT A MAN SIMPLY BECAUSE HE BROKE OUR STEERING WHEEL?!

BUT, AS THE PUZZLED OFFICER HESITATES, PONDERING HIS NEXT MOVE, THE MAN CALLED BOOMERANG STRIKES WITH THE SPEED AND POWER OF A LIGHTNING BOLT..!

MY RIFLE BARREL..!!

FTAKK!

THAT MOMENTARY PAUSE WAS JUST WHAT I NEEDED, MISTER! I'M MUCH OBLIGED!

THEN, BEFORE THE MILITARY MEN CAN MAKE A MOVE, ANOTHER WHIRLING DISC, HURLED LIKE A FLYING PROJECTILE, UPSETS TWO OF THE DUMBFOUNDED SERVICEMEN BY STRIKING JUST THE RIGHT NERVE AS IT BOUNCES ACROSS THEIR KNEES..!

LOOK OUT!!

UHHH!

CAN'T KEEP MY BALANCE!

KAK!

STAP!

HE'S DISARMED 'EM!... BUT LET'S SHOW HIM THAT TWO CAN PLAY THAT GAME!

C'MON, KID... GRAB SOME ROUND STONES..!

WHO IS HE?? HOW CAN HE POSSIBLY THROW THOSE DISCS WITH SUCH SPEED... SUCH ACCURACY?!!

I DUNNO... BUT THE MAJOR'S RIGHT! WE CAN'T JUST STAND HERE DOIN' NOTHING!

LET'S BOTH PEPPER 'IM AT ONCE!..!

I ADMIRE YOUR HIGH RESOLVE, GENTLEMEN!

WHAT A PITY IT'S WASTED ON A MAN WHO IS AS AMBIDEXTROUS AS I!

ZZZT!

LOOK! HE'S TOSSING TWO AT THE SAME TIME.: ONE WITH EACH HAND!!

IF THIS WERE THE WORLD SERIES RIGHT NOW... THE UMP WOULD BE SHOUTING... YER OUT!

IT'S NO USE, MAJOR! HE'S TOO FAST FOR US!

AND IT LOOKS LIKE HE NEVER MISSES!

KAK!

THIK!

AND NOW, YOUNG LADY... WHILE YOUR TWO FRIENDS WAIT FOR THEIR ARMS TO STOP ACHING, IT'S TIME FOR YOU AND ME TO TAKE A LITTLE TRIP!

MAJOR! HE'S TRYING TO RUN OFF WITH MISS ROSS!

NO! STAY AWAY! DON'T..!

OVER MY DEAD BODY, BOY!

IF ONLY MY ARM WOULD STOP THROBBING..!

IT WILL, MAJOR... IT WILL! BUT NOT BEFORE I'VE SAFELY DEPARTED WITH MY UNWILLING COMPANION!

OH, BY THE WAY! TELL GENERAL ROSS I'LL BE HAPPY TO RELEASE HIS DAUGHTER... AS SOON AS HE HAS DELIVERED THE PLANS FOR THE ORION MISSILE TO ME!

WHAT?!! YOU THINK YOU CAN GET THE SECRET OF ONE OF OUR MOST VITAL WEAPONS AS EASILY AS THAT?!!

GLEN... HELP ME! STOP HIM!

EVERY ARTISTE MAKES HIS ART LOOK EASY, MAJOR! AND NOW... IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO SAMPLE MY MOST POTENT WEAPON!

IN CASE YOU'VE WONDERED WHY I'M CALLED *BOOMERANG*... THIS MAY GIVE YOU A SLIGHT *CLUE*..!

BRACE YOURSELF, MISS ROSS! WHEN THAT LITTLE PLAYTHING OF MINE STRIKES THE *HILL* YONDER...IT'LL BE LIKE THE FOURTH OF JULY!

IT MAY *LOOK* LIKE AN ORDINARY BOOMERANG... BUT IT CARRIES POWERFUL *ELECTRIC CHARGES*, WHICH IT RELEASES ON CONTACT!

AND, AS YOU CAN *SEE*, IT'S CAPABLE OF SHATTERING A *HILL*!

HIS BOOMERANG IS CAUSING A *ROCK SLIDE*!!

BA-KOW

AND IT'S RETURNING TO HIM LIKE AN *ARROW*!

BUT *WE'RE* TRAPPED BEHIND THE ROCKS! WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO STOP HIM NOW!

THERE NOW! *THAT* WASN'T SO DIFFICULT, WAS IT?

BUT...HOW CAN YOU HOPE TO *ESCAPE* FROM THIS DESERT TRAINING AREA?? YOU'VE NO CAR...NO PLANE..!

B

I'M *SURPRISED* AT YOU, MISS ROSS! WHY DO YOU THINK I'M WEARING SUCH OUTLANDISH *BOOTS*?

THE DAUGHTER OF *THUNDERBOLT ROSS* SHOULD HAVE RECOGNIZED THEM AS *RETRO-BOOTS* IMMEDIATELY!

WE'RE.. FLY-ING!!!

AHHH! I'M DELIGHTED THAT YOU FINALLY *NOTICED*!

AT THAT MOMENT, THOUSANDS OF FEET UNDERGROUND, A DESPERATE *BRUCE BANNER* FINDS HIMSELF IN THE THICK OF THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE SUBTERRANEAN FORCES OF THE *MOLE MAN* AND THE LAST SAVAGE REMNANTS OF *TYRANNUS'* ONCE-POWERFUL ARMY, AS HE SEARCHES FOR A WAY TO REACH THE SURFACE...

IF THE *MATTER TRANSMITTER* IS ANYWHERE, IT MUST BE IN THE *SCIENCE BUILDING*, AHEAD OF ME!

BUT, TO *REACH* IT, I'VE GOT TO RISK RUNNING RIGHT BETWEEN BOTH FORCES!

YET, I'VE NO CHOICE! *ANYTHING* IS BETTER THAN BEING TRAPPED DOWN *HERE*!

THROOM!

BOOM!

LOOK! AN ACCURSED *SURFACE MAN*..WANDERING AMONG US!

PERHAPS *HE* IS TO BLAME FOR OUR PLIGHT! TYRANNUS WAS *SUPREME* UNTIL THOSE FROM THE WORLD ABOVE INVADED US!

HE IS A *SPY* FOR THE MOLE MAN'S LEGIONS! BUT HE WILL SPY UPON US *NO LONGER*!

STOP, YOU FOOLS! I'VE NO INTEREST IN YOUR BATTLE! ALL I WANT IS TO *LEAVE* THIS WRETCHED PLACE!

KILL HIM! PUNISH THE SPY FROM THE SURFACE!

NO! *NO*! IF I MUST DIE...I WON'T LET IT BE FOR *NOTHING*! AFTER ALL I'VE FACED IN THE PAST...IT CAN'T END LIKE *THIS*! IT CAN'T! *IT CAN'T*!!

AND, AS THE VALIANT SCIENTIST FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE, HIS TEMPER BEGINS TO RAGE UNCONTROLLABLY.. ONCE AGAIN CAUSING THE MOST INCREDIBLE *TRANSFORMATION* OF ALL...!

YOU THINK YOU CAN DESTROY THE *HULK*?!!

HE'S *CHANGED*!! HE'S GROWN *LARGER*... MORE *POWERFUL*!! AND HIS SKIN... IT'S BECOME... *GREEN*!

NOBODY CAN STOP THE *HULK*!! I'LL SMASH YOU *ALL*!

HE'S A LIVING *FURY*... A *MONSTER*... *UNHHHH*..!

THEN, LIKE A GIGANTIC HUMAN *PILE-DRIVER*, THE GREEN BEHEMOTH PLOUGHS A PATH THROUGH HIS HAPLESS FOES AS IF THEY'RE TOY SOLDIERS..!

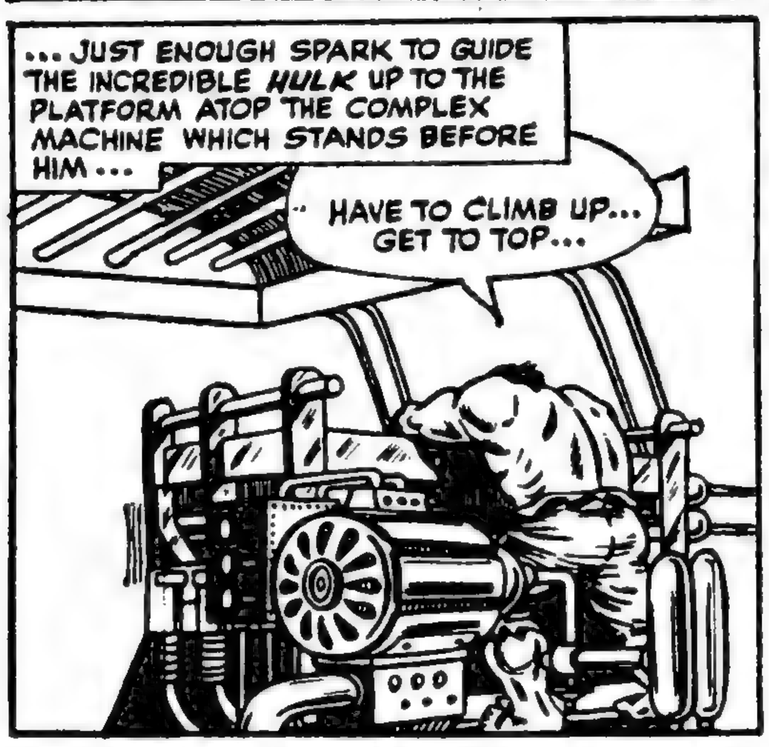
GOT TO REACH BUILDING... AHEAD OF ME!! NOTHING WILL STOP HULK!

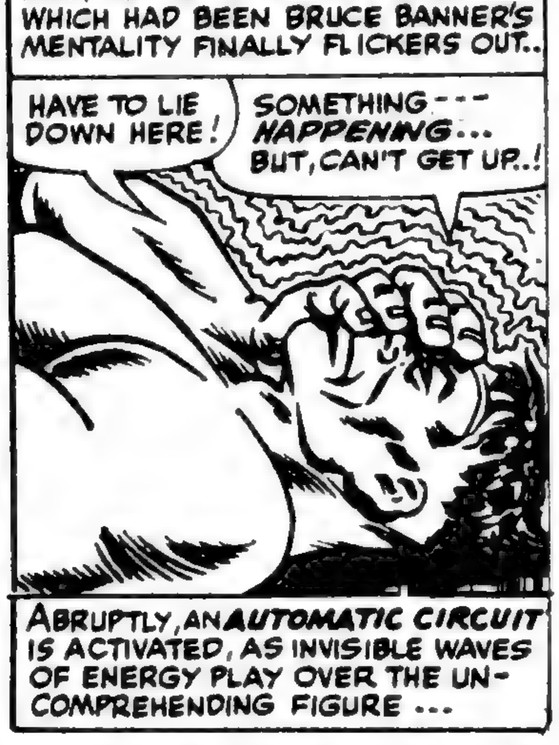
DON'T REMEMBER *WHY* MUST REACH BUILDING... BUT HAVE TO KEEP *GOING*..!

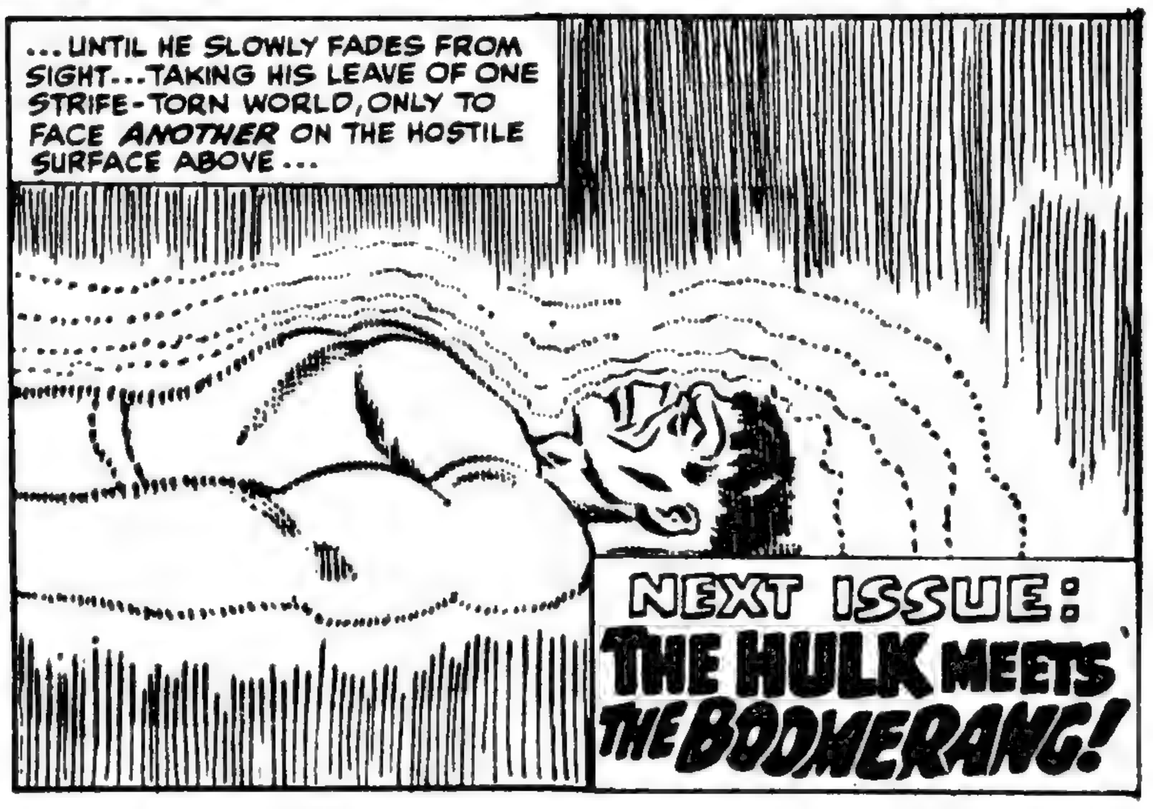
SCIENCE

THROK!

HAVING REVERTED TO THE RAMPAGING, UNTHINKING HUMAN FIGHTING MACHINE WHICH IS THE HULK, THE GREEN GIANT CANNOT BEGIN TO FATHOM WHAT CONFRONTS HIM WITHIN THE HALL OF SCIENCE...
MACHINES!! I HATE MACHINES! ONLY POWER MATTERS... POWER LIKE HULK'S!!
POK!
BUT SOMEWHERE DEEP WITHIN HIS CLOUDED BRAIN, A SPARK OF BRUCE BANNER'S SLOWLY-FADING INTELLECT STILL REMAINS...


...JUST ENOUGH SPARK TO GUIDE THE INCREDIBLE HULK UP TO THE PLATFORM ATOP THE COMPLEX MACHINE WHICH STANDS BEFORE HIM...
HAVE TO CLIMB UP... GET TO TOP...


AND, AS THE FINAL FAINT EMBER WHICH HAD BEEN BRUCE BANNER'S MENTALITY FINALLY FLICKERS OUT..
HAVE TO LIE DOWN HERE!
SOMETHING--- HAPPENING... BUT, CAN'T GET UP..!
ABRUPTLY, AN AUTOMATIC CIRCUIT IS ACTIVATED, AS INVISIBLE WAVES OF ENERGY PLAY OVER THE UN-COMPREHENDING FIGURE...


...UNTIL HE SLOWLY FADES FROM SIGHT...TAKING HIS LEAVE OF ONE STRIFE-TORN WORLD, ONLY TO FACE ANOTHER ON THE HOSTILE SURFACE ABOVE...
NEXT ISSUE:
THE HULK MEETS THE BOOMERANG!

BE A SMASHER AND WRITE TO SMASH!—

SMASH!, 64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

you'll win £1 if your letter is printed!

Dear Alf and Cos,

This letter may take some time in getting to you as we live in Tasmania, Australia. We all think SMASH is a real "HUM-DINGER, A WOW! A REAL BEAUT and a FAIR DINKUM FAMILY READING MATTER." In our family SMASH is first enjoyed by me, then my brother Louis and then my mother and father have a race to see who gets it next. Mum enjoys the Nervs best and she reckons that our tummies are just like that.

I am seven years old, my brother, Louis, is five and we also have a sister who is three and a half. Thank goodness she cannot read yet, or we would have someone *else* to beat to get our favourite comic. Please excuse my typing. Mum sends her love, and also she has written this poem just for you.

Alf and Cos stood at the pearly gates,
Their heads were hanging low,
They softly asked the man of fate,
To show them the way to go.

"What have you done? said Peter,
To seek admittance here?"
"We have worked for Smash Comic,
For many a weary year."

Peter opened wide the gate,
And gently tolled the bell,
"Come inside and choose your harp,
The HULK is here as well."

Glenn and Louis Scott,
Tasmania, Australia.

● *Fair dinkum, cobber! That mum of yours is some POWER-PACKED POET!*
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Not long ago, while reading through a history book, I saw some people who looked suspiciously like some of your ancestors. For 40 years Electra Alf tried to find a better filament for electric light bulbs. He decided on Cordite. Soon after, he achieved fame as the first unofficial entry into *space!*

Columbus Cos sailed westward across the Atlantic and by means of his own secret navigation discovered Mount Everest!

Sir Walter Alf discovered tobacco, and choked himself to death one hour later! And last but not least, comes Sir Baggley Cos, a Saxon archer, who was reputed for his poor eye-sight. Two days after the Battle of Hastings, he was knighted by William!

I think SMASH is great, especially the Hulk.

You fellows are doing a great job. Keep it up!

Yours prehistorically,
R. Batten,
Hale, Ches.

● *What are future historians going to say about The Age of Power? It makes you think!*
Electra Alf & Colbaggery Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

In SMASH No. 47 there was an article on Giant-Man which said that he controlled his height by the use of his helmet. But in TERRIFIC it said that his helmet enabled him to speak to the ants when he is Ant-Man. This has puzzled me, so please could you explain the truth.

I have always wondered how Wasp got her wings.

Andrew Green,
London, S.W.20.

● *Well, it's quite simple really, Andrew. Giant-Man uses his cybernetic helmet to do both these things. And if that doesn't stagger you—by merely using mental impulses he can also use the helmet to instantly alter his beautiful partner into the Wasp—complete with wings!*

Alf and Cos.

Most of you love SMASH!, but if you want to love it MORE—just fill in the form and send it in with your letter. We'll take note of what you say, and you'll finish up with 28 pages of pure bliss!

My favourite feature in SMASH! is:

.....

The feature I don't like is:

.....

To: SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

GOSH! WE DON'T HALF NEED A GOOD BOWLER! OUR ATTACK'S BEING MURDERED!

I WONDER IF MY TELLY CAN HELP TODAY?

COO! IT'S THE TEST MATCH - IF ONLY WE HAD A BOWLER LIKE WES HALL.

HELLO, BOY! YOU NEED ME? I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING — THE SPINNERS ARE ON!

HEY, LADS! WE'VE GOT A NEW BOWLER! PUT HIM ON!

YEOW! IT'S WES HALL!

WOW! LOOKS LIKE WES IS EVENING THINGS UP A BIT, EH?

HELP! IT'S NOT FAIR!

CHEAT! WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE!

WOW! HOW'S THAT FOR A BUMPER?

CRASH!

WAAGH! MY GREENHOUSE! THOSE YOUNG VARMINTS HAVE DONE IT AGAIN! RIGHT!

FASTER, CHARLIE, FASTER! I'M NOT COMING OUT AGAIN! I'D RATHER FACE FIERY FRED TRUEMAN!

COME BACK, YOU YOUNG SCAMPS!

LATER... WE'LL PLAY HERE INSTEAD. IT'S YOUR TURN TO BAT AND YOU'VE GOT ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY RUNS TO BEAT! THAT'S WHAT WE MADE BEFORE WES HALL STARTED BOWLING!

OH, HECK! OUR BATSMEN ARE USELESS, TOO! WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE!

USE SPYLCREEM - THE PERFECT HAIR-DRESSING!

WOW! IT'S DENIS COMPTON!

GET ME A BAT, CHARLIE! I HAVEN'T HAD A GAME FOR AGES! I'LL HAVE A KNOCK!

RIGHT! SEND ONE DOWN! I'M READY!

HELP! HE'S LOST HIS BAT! OUT FIRST BALL!

BIG, USELESS LUMP! OUT FOR A DUCK!

BUT CHARLIE, IT WASN'T MY FAULT! MY HANDS WERE SLIPPERY WITH HAIR-CREAM!

WOW! LOOK WHO'S ON NOW— IT'S BATMAN! PITY HE'S NOT A CRICKETER!

WHO'S NOT A CRICKETER? GIVE ME THAT AND I'LL SHOW YOU!

YEOW! LOOK AT THAT, IT'S A SIX AT LEAST!

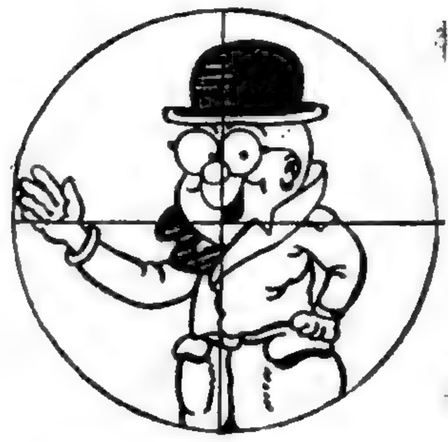
ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ONE RUNS LATER...

WOW! ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ONE NOT OUT! WHAT A BATSMAN! WE WON! GOOD OLD BATMAN!

CHEATS!

COO! DO YOU THINK THAT'S HOW HE GOT THE NAME— BATMAN?

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.



THE MYSTERIOUS G.G. PLANS TO PINCH ALL BRITAIN'S GAS SUPPLY—STARTING WITH THE GAS STATIONS IN THE NORTH SEA.
LARRY'S ARRIVED TO STOP HIM—BUT G.G.'S TORPEDOED OUR AGENT—WITH A **SWORDFISH**!

GOSH! I HOPE I DON'T LAND IN THE SEA AGAIN! I'M WET ENOUGH ALREADY!

BONK!

LARRY NEEDN'T WORRY—HE'S NOT GOING TO LAND IN THE SEA——

THEY'RE SENDING A MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E TO PROTECT US FROM BEING TAKEN OVER BY THE HORRIBLE G.G.—

RADIO SHEP

I HOPE HE'S GOT SOME BACCY—I'M FED UP WITH OLD SOCKS!

SO AM I!

SEE—HE HASN'T LANDED IN THE SEA—!!

CRUMP!

HULLO—I'M HERE TO PROTECT YOU!

AND A CRACKING GOOD START YOU'VE MADE!

POP!!

HULLO—!! WHO'S THIS?

HEY! I'VE COME TO INSPECT YOUR METER!

HE SAYS HE'S A GAS INSPECTOR—WE'D BETTER LET HIM ABOARD!

HEH! HEH! THIS WILL BE A REAL GAS!

LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF. MY NAME IS—GARSTLY GASBAGS!

ERK! HIS INITIALS ARE G.G.!!

G.G.—SORRY—HORSE-LAUGH!

EXACTLY!—AND NOW FOR THE FIRST PART OF MY PLAN TO TAKE OVER THE NORTH SEA GAS SUPPLY, I AM GOING TO MAKE YOU ALL PRISONERS!

CLANK!

NOT SO FAST!

THAT'LL DO YOU NO GOOD—IT'S ONLY A TRICK GUN!

YOU'RE BLUFFING— I'M GOING TO FIRE!

CLICK!

BANG!

THIS IS FAR MORE DEADLY THAN ANY GUN—

TEE-HEE! A TIN WHISTLE! YOU'RE JOKING AGAIN, OF COURSE!

PHEEEE!

JOKING, AM I—? WATCH!

EEE! THAT SOUNDS LIKE A D-DOG—IN THE SEA—?!?

RUUFF!

YAP!

YAP!

YOU'RE RIGHT! —IT'S AN OLD SEA-DOG!

MEET MY FAITHFUL FRIEND—GROWLER!

COO!—HE DOESN'T LOOK MUCH OF A GROWLER TO ME!

PAT! PAT!

WAIT TILL HE'S HAD HIS MARROWBONE JELLY!— HERE, GROWLER! OOPS! — MISSED!

CLANK!

S'LUV'LY!

SLURP! SLUP!

— AND NOW... SEIZE 'EM!

ABANDON SHIP! — SWIM FOR THE SHORE!

SURE!

DROOL! GNASH!

HOT DOG! DO YOU THINK THERE WILL BE A GNASHIONAL DISASTER-? SEE NEXT WEEK!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

URGENT message for all FANTASTIC fans! Please, please, no more super-heroes! We *know* we *asked* you to dream up ideas for new extra-super heroes, but we *didn't* know what we were letting ourselves in for! We've been SWAMPED with ideas! There never was that much room in the old garret, but now it's *ridiculous*! Super-heroes everywhere! Swaying stacks of drawings, paintings and pages of word portraits on every desk and spare inch of floor space! Apart from us needing *somewhere* to work keeping the weekly power papers flowing, it's going to take us weeks to go through them all. Go through them we shall—and in a later ish of FANTASTIC you'll be able to see the pick of the bunch—but now we must call the whole thing to a stop. No more super-heroes, please. As from now . . . *competition's over*!

But from the examples we HAVE seen, we are proud of you frantic ones! Even the great creative minds of comicdom (and you know who we mean) could learn something from them. Proud, yes . . . but not *surprised*! Because our publications are formulated on the firm principle that lovers of our lively literature *must* themselves possess imaginative intelligence and a flair for the dramatic. That's why you deserve, and will continue to get, the very best we can produce. That is what makes The Brotherhood of Power something real . . . (a kindredship of taste and approach to fiction) . . . and something much more than just a piece of slick, catchy phraseology.

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

Marjorie Stebbings, Woodingdean, Sussex; Dennis Gasson, Hendon, London, N.W.4; Philip Roadley, Sherwood, Notts; David Kiehl, South Kensington, London, S.W.7; Greig Blanchett, Auckland, New Zealand; Gregory Smith, Keighley, Yorks; Judy Dons, Teddington, Middx.; Graham Lockwood, Mirfield, Yorks; Jamie Kidney, Grays, Essex; Tony Devereux, Wilmslow, Cheshire; Steve Fernback, Oakengates, Salop; Andrew Rennant, Cardiff; Shirley Webster, Wallasey, Cheshire; Stephen Andrews, Waltham Cross, Herts; Andrew Grant, Leeds 7; Peter Shepherd, Bognor Regis, Sussex; Steven Wilkins, Tottenham, London, N.15; Michael Reidy, South Kensington, London, S.W.7; Tricia Scott-Brining, Hockley, Essex; Garry Hurst, Retford, Nottinghamshire.

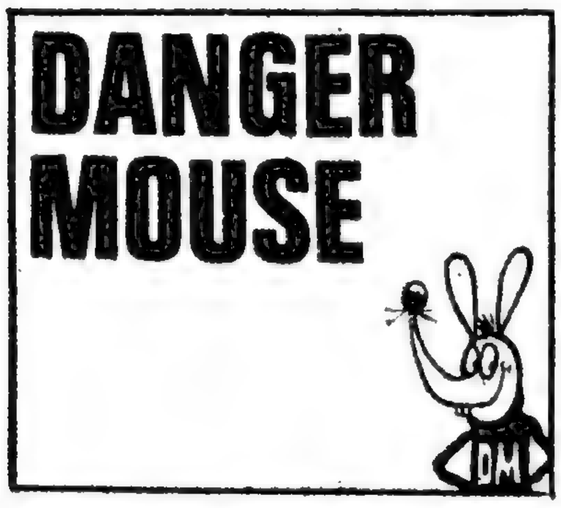
Over the past weeks, mainly because of the publication of a new and important book by Jules Feiffer (one of the great names in the American comic field) most of the daily newspapers and many weeklies have been writing about British comics. And we offer no prizes for guessing who got the king-sized share of the mentions. Glancing through the paeans of praise for our Power pack, we note that we have produced "... a new look in atomic age comics." And it would seem that we provide "... high protein food for the imaginations of the generation of comic readers."

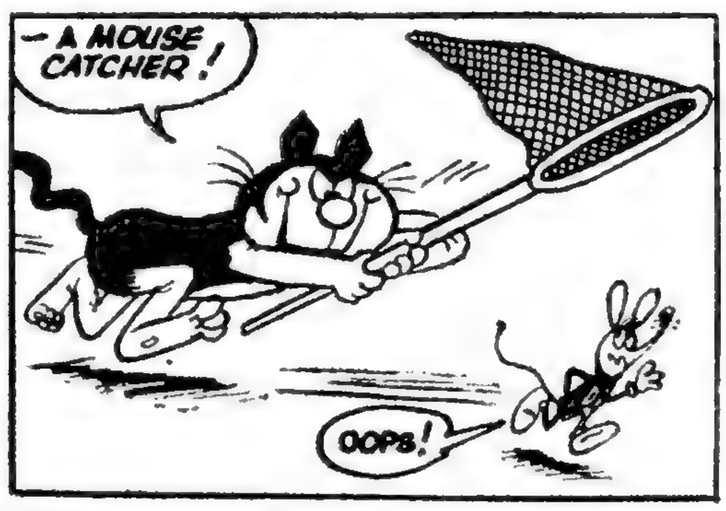
More important is the fact that the number of readers of comics is growing fast and that they are also being read by a rapidly expanding group of 'adult age' fans. And that's ALSO nice to know.

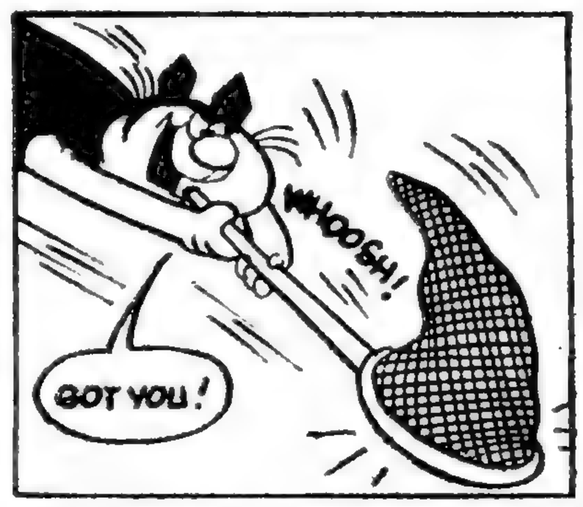
Those of you who have baby brothers know what cute little mites they can be. But cute isn't quite the right word for the two new characters who make their debut in WHAM and SMASH. Baby Whamster and Baby Smasher are just about the most UN-cute, most mischevious, most bedlam-making pint-sizers you've ever encountered! No peace when they're around, but *plenty* of laughs. We think that, in creating these two comic characters, artist Terry Bave has hit a new high in humour. Judge for yourselves, power fans, in WHAM and SMASH.

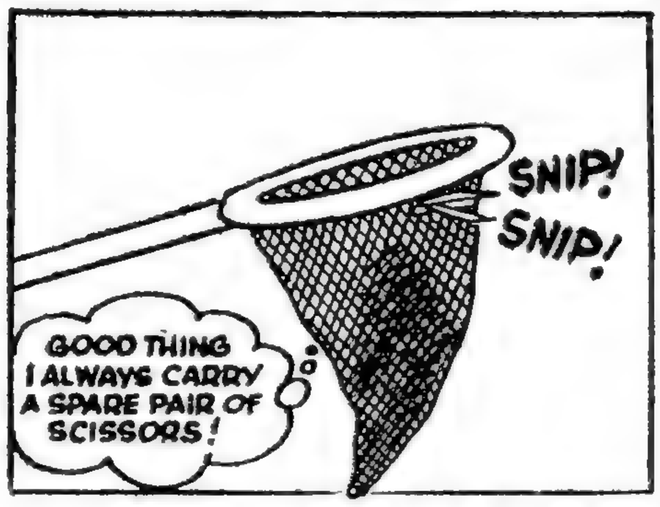
★

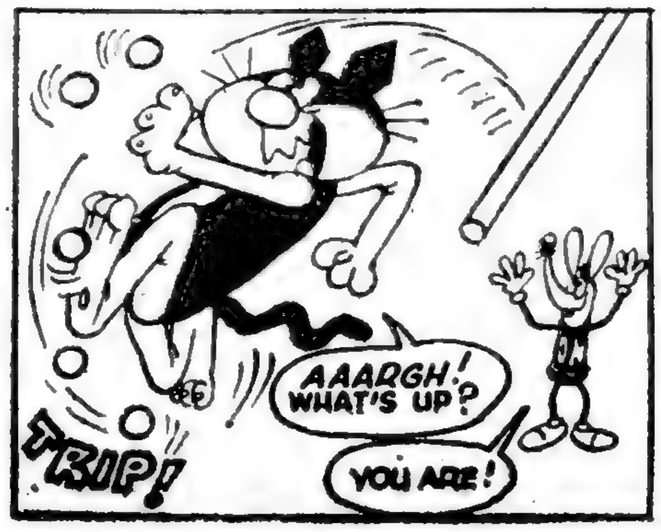
DANGER MOUSE

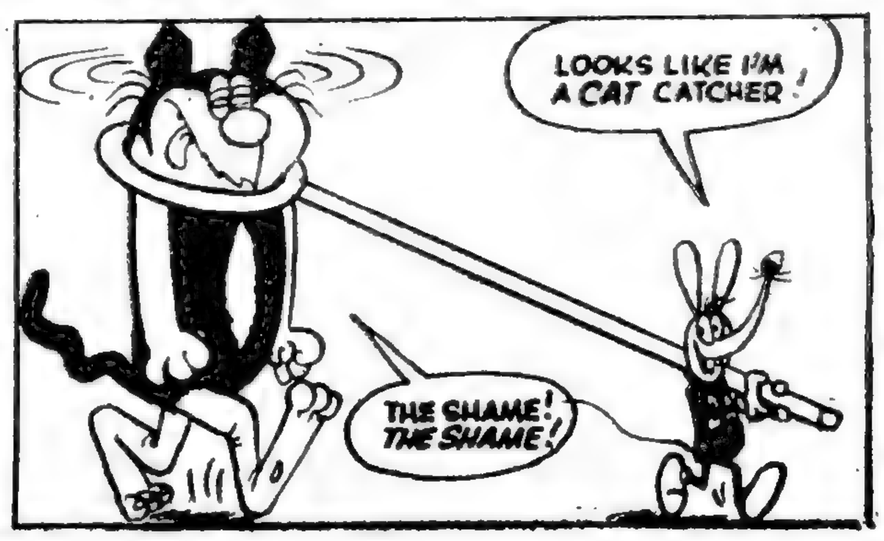










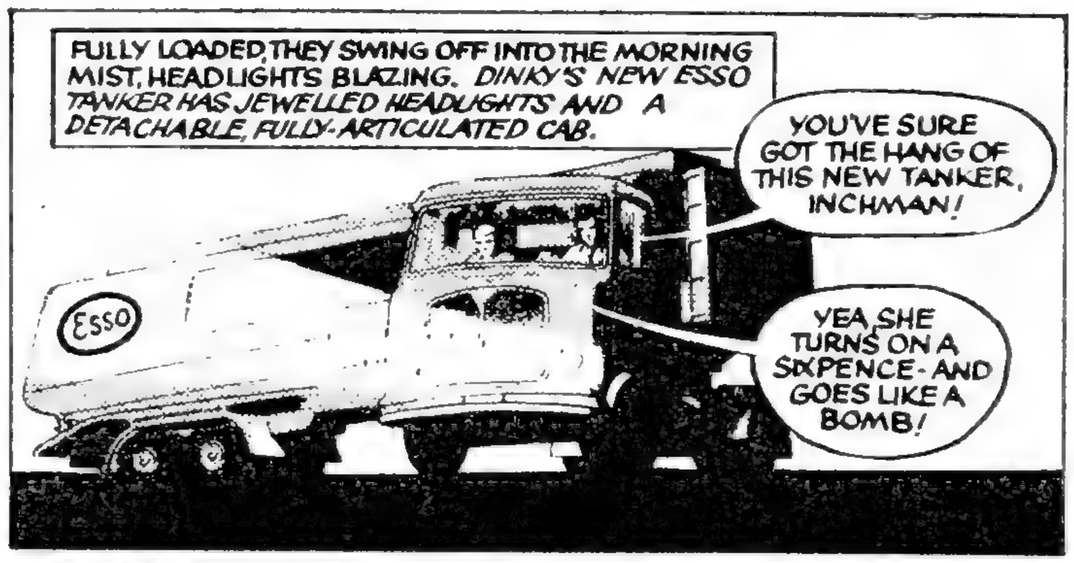


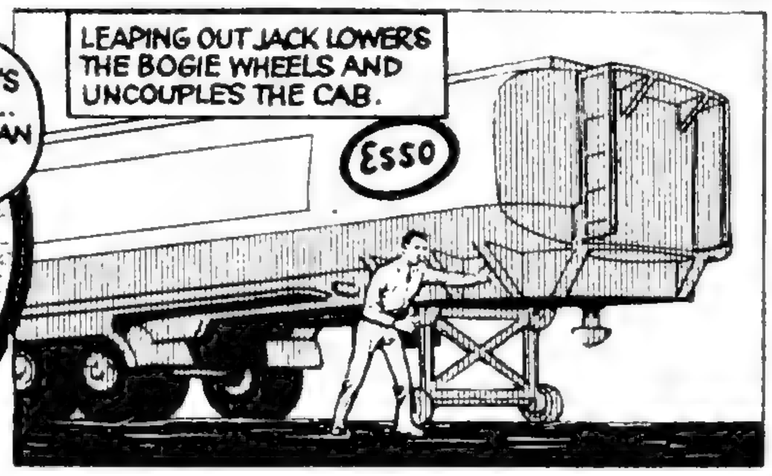
INCHMAN

Quick thinking saves Esso tanker from disaster

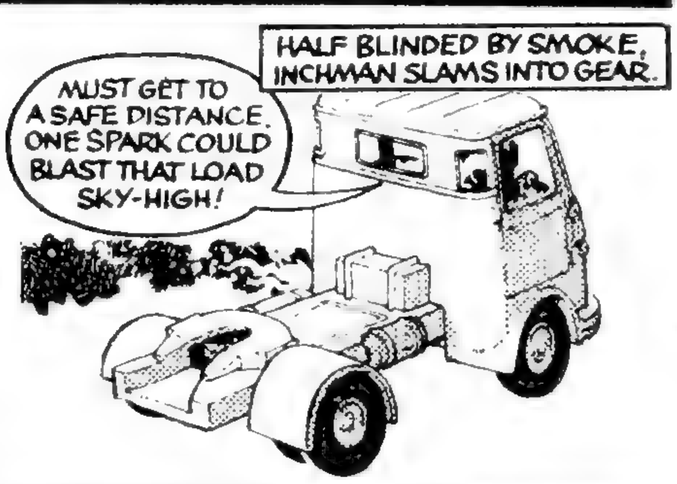
Inchman gets urgent call from big filling station on M.1. They're almost out of fuel! Can he get supplies through in time?

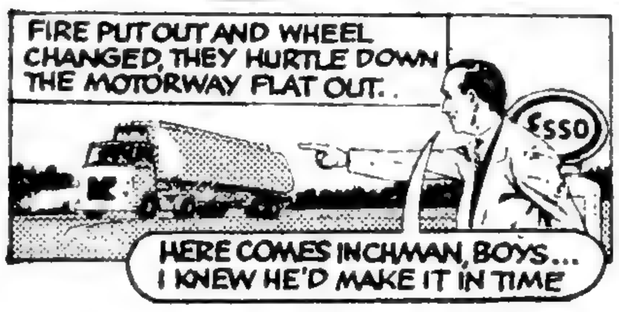
LEAPING ON THE CATWALK, INCHMAN FLINGS OPEN THE MANHOLE COVERS
THE NEW DINKY ESSO TANKER HAS SIX OPENING MANHOLES
QUICK, JACK. PUMP IN 4,000 GALLONS OF TIGER JUICE. IT'S AN EMERGENCY!

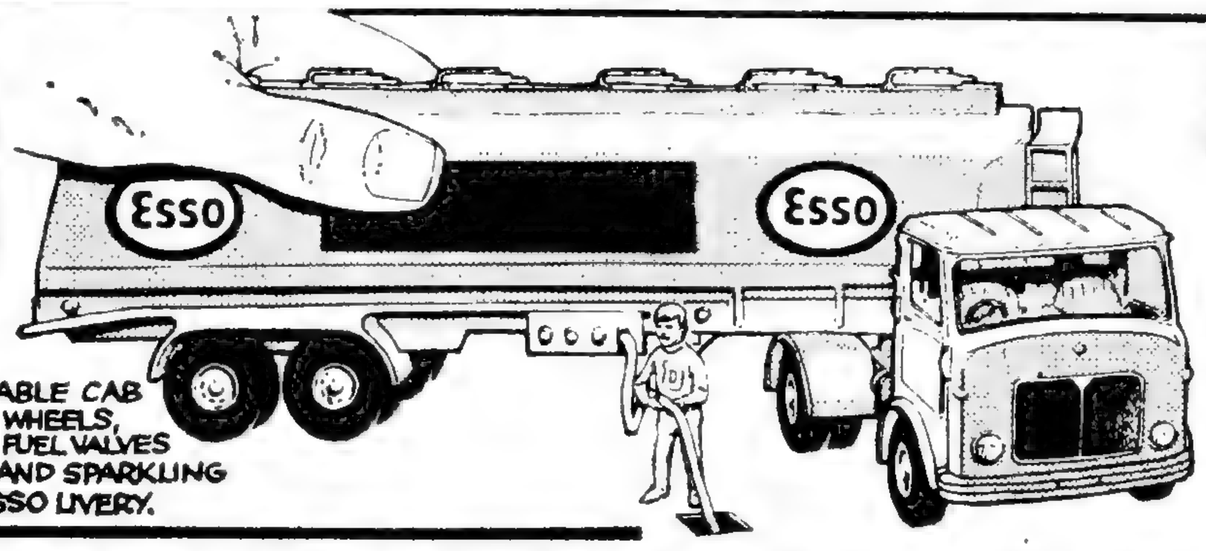

FULLY LOADED, THEY SWING OFF INTO THE MORNING MIST, HEADLIGHTS BLAZING. DINKY'S NEW ESSO TANKER HAS JEWELLED HEADLIGHTS AND A DETACHABLE, FULLY-ARTICULATED CAB.
YOU'VE SURE GOT THE HANG OF THIS NEW TANKER, INCHMAN!
YEA, SHE TURNS ON A SIXPENCE - AND GOES LIKE A BOMB!
Esso



THE DINKY TANKER HAS FOLD-DOWN BOGIES AND SPRING-RELEASE FOR COUPLING...




FIRE PUT OUT AND WHEEL CHANGED, THEY HURTLE DOWN THE MOTORWAY FLAT OUT.
Esso
HERE COMES INCHMAN, BOYS... I KNEW HE'D MAKE IT IN TIME



DINKY ESSO FUEL TANKER HAS DETACHABLE CAB WITH SPRING RELEASE, FOLDING BOGIE WHEELS, CATWALK WITH SIX OPENING MANHOLES, FUEL VALVES AND PLUG-IN HOSEPIPES, FITTED CAB AND SPARKLING HEADLIGHTS. FINISHED IN GENUINE ESSO LIVERY.

LIKE INCHMAN, YOU'LL HAVE LOTS OF EXCITEMENT WITH THE NEW ACTION-PACKED DINKY A.E.C. ESSO FUEL TANKER. IT'S SUPERB!

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW FROM

DINKY TOYS.

Precision die-cast scale models by Meccano Limited, sold by Hamleys, Harrods, Gamages, Selfridges and all good toy shops.

Explore the ocean's murky depths with Action Man Deep Sea Diver...

he actually dives, surfaces, and blows air bubbles!

You'll have real fun and excitement with Action Man Sailor's great new Deep Sea Diver equipment set. Exploring the ocean's murky depths. Fighting giant squids. Outwitting enemy frogmen. Searching for sunken ships. Action Man Deep Sea Diver actually dives, surfaces, and blows air bubbles at your command! With waterproof white fabric suit, diving helmet, weighted boots and belt, gloves, sledge hammer, oxygen pump and hose, buoy, knife and scabbard, rope, and underwater compass.

Clear dangerous minefields with this Action Man Mine Detector that really works!

New for Action Man Soldier, this working electric Mine Detector set that operates on a 1½v U7 battery (not included). When Action Man gets close to any one of the three plate mines included a red warning light flashes on and off!

PALITOY ACTION man

TOY OF THE YEAR N.A.T.R.

palitoy

BXL Toy Division, Owen Street, Coalville, Leics. (T.1)

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, HAVE TRAVELLED BACK THROUGH TIME TO TEST THE LEGEND OF THE CROWN OF THE KEBI.
BUT THE TUNNEL ALONG WHICH THEY MUST PASS IS GUARDED BY A GIANT APE... AND AS THEY BATTLE THE GREAT CREATURE, BOTH ROLLO AND DANNY DROP INTO A DRUGGED UNCONSCIOUSNESS!

EVEN WALU, THE EVIL WITCH DOCTOR OF THE KEBI, HAS NO KNOWLEDGE OF THE FULL EXTENT OF THE TERRIBLE FATE WHICH HAS BEFALLEN THE LEGEND TESTERS!

THE TWO STRANGERS DID NOT REALISE THAT THE WINE I GAVE THEM WAS *DRUGGED!*

ALREADY UNCONSCIOUSNESS WILL HAVE OVERTAKEN THEM.

FOLLOW THE STRANGERS INTO THE TUNNEL! YOU WILL FIND THEM IN A DRUGGED SLEEP—UNABLE TO RESIST YOU!

BRING THEM TO ME, SO THAT I CAN KILL THEM SECRETLY WITH MY OWN HANDS!

WALU'S WORDS ARE OUR COMMAND!

INCREDIBLY, WITHIN THE ROCKY TUNNEL, ROLLO AND DANNY **STILL LIVE**... SAVED FROM DEATH BY THE VERY FACT THAT THEY ARE UNCONSCIOUS AND UNMOVING. FOR AN HOUR OR MORE, THE GREAT APE PRODS CURIOUSLY AT THEIR MOTIONLESS BODIES, WANTING THEM TO MOVE... WANTING THEM TO FIGHT OR RUN, TO PROVIDE HIM WITH SPORT!

A TINY SOUND IS HEARD BY THE GREAT APE'S SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS. AND THEN AT LAST HE **DOES** SEE MOVEMENT— THE MOVEMENT OF WALU'S APPROACHING, SEARCHING GUARDS!

NOW THERE **IS** SOMETHING FOR THE APE TO ATTACK! TO FIGHT! **TO DESTROY!**

ARRRAAA**AAAGH!**

A-AAH!

AND AS THE EFFECTS OF THE DRUG WEAR OFF, ROLLO AND DANNY STIR...

AS THEIR EYES OPEN THEY SEE THE TERRIBLE SIGHT BEFORE THEM!

NO-OOO!

IT'S WALU'S GUARDS! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN SENT AFTER US!

THEY WERE EVIL MEN—AND YET THEIR PRESENCE HERE SAVED *OUR* LIVES!

QUICKLY, DANNY! WHILST THE GIANT APE IS BUSY WITH THEM WE CAN ESCAPE FURTHER ALONG THE TUNNEL!

AND I WONDER JUST WHAT WE'RE GOING TO *MEET* NEXT TIME!

*OUT OF THE **FOUR** GUARDS WALU SENT INTO THE TUNNEL, ONLY **ONE** RETURNS — **MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE!***

WHAT *HAPPENED?* WHERE ARE THE *OTHERS?*

ALL...ALL DEAD! **AGH!** IT...IT WAS HORRIBLE!

SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY THE DYING GUARD GASPS OUT HIS HORRIFYING STORY!

SO...! THE STRANGERS STILL *LIVE!*

BUT THEIR HOURS ARE NUMBERED! FOR SOON THEY WILL MEET *THE DWARFS OF THE MOUNTAIN!*

*AND THEN...THE **DWARFS OF THE MOUNTAIN ATTACK!***

AHEEEE!

IN THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN, ROLLO AND DANNY CONTINUE THEIR CAUTIOUS WAY ALONG THE WINDING TUNNEL!

ROLLO! IT'S SO *QUIET!* AND YET I HAVE THE FEELING THAT WE ARE NOT *ALONE!*

I HAVE THAT SENSATION TOO, DANNY! AS THOUGH DOZENS OF PAIRS OF EYES ARE WATCHING US!

*DOZENS OF PAIRS OF EYES **ARE** WATCHING THEM!*

IT'S NO *USE*, ROLLO! THERE ARE SO *MANY* OF THEM! EACH TIME I KNOCK ONE DOWN, TWO MORE APPEAR!

KEEP FIGHTING, DANNY! *WE DAREN'T SURRENDER!*

IN AN INSTANT ROLLO AND DANNY FIND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED BY DOZENS OF TINY, FURIOUSLY FIGHTING FIGURES!

*BUT SLOWLY— **RELENTLESSLY** — THEY ARE BORNE TO THE GROUND BY SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS!*

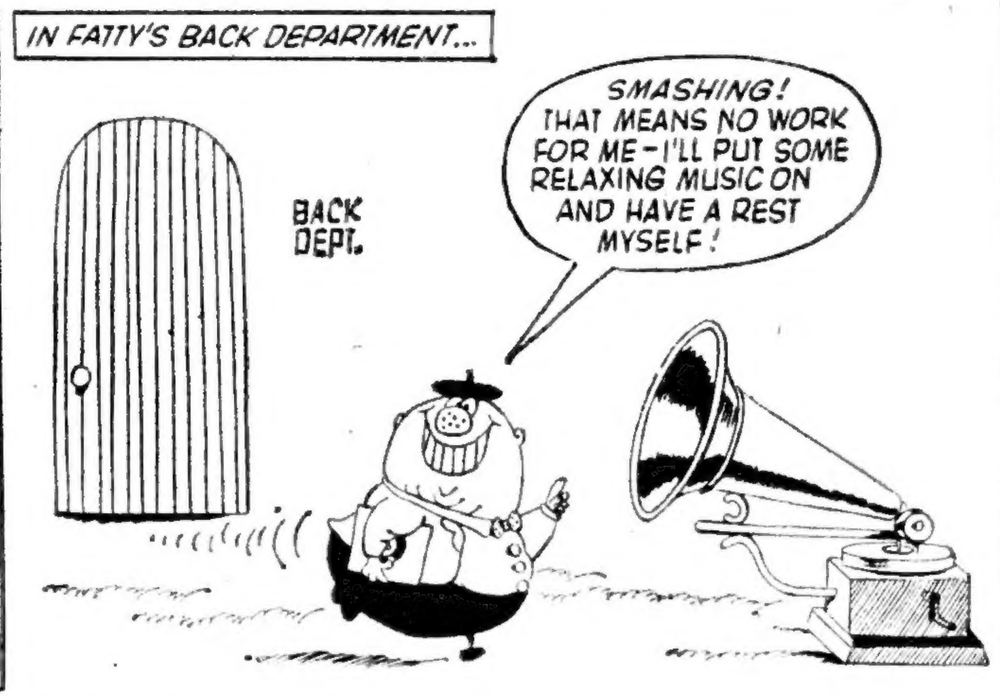
*UNTIL AT LAST, HELPLESS IN THE GRIP OF SO MANY TINY HANDS, ROLLO AND DANNY HEAR THE VOICE OF **THE KING OF THE MOUNTAIN DWARFS!***

AND NOW— **LET ME SEE THE FACES OF THOSE WHO DARE INVADE MY KINGDOM!**

*WHAT PERIL AWAITS THE LEGEND-TESTERS IN THE DARK KINGDOM OF THE DWARFS? **SEE NEXT WEEK!***

THE NERVS

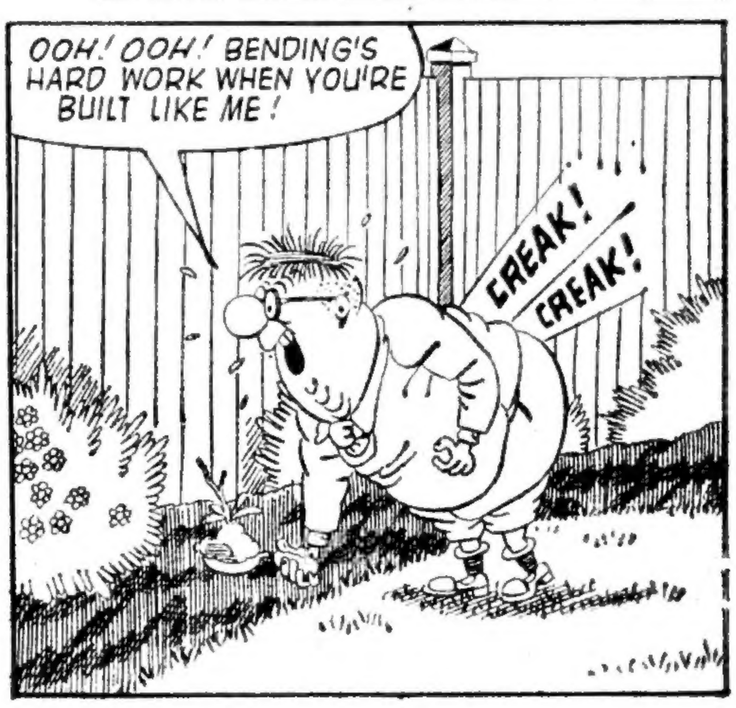
GOSH! I FEEL TIRED — I THINK I'LL HAVE FORTY WINKS!

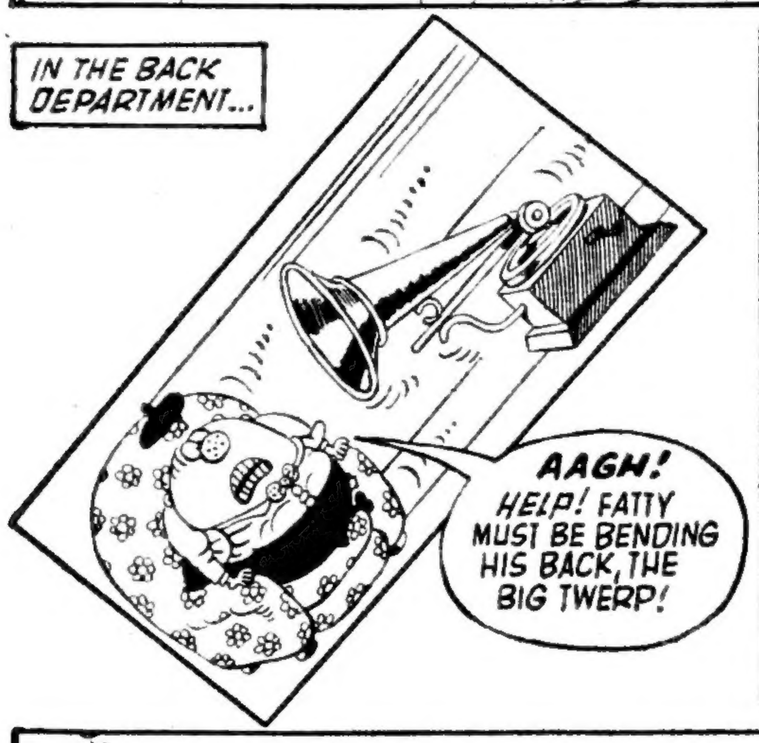

IN FATTY'S BACK DEPARTMENT...
BACK DEPT.
SMASHING! THAT MEANS NO WORK FOR ME - I'LL PUT SOME RELAXING MUSIC ON AND HAVE A REST MYSELF!

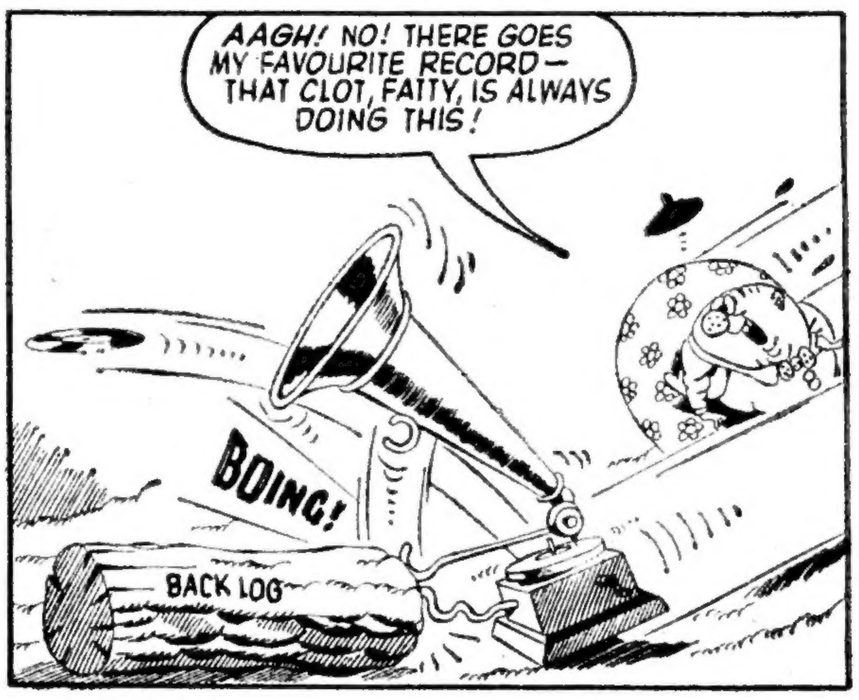
A-AAH! THIS IS THE LIFE — NO BACK-BREAKING WORK!

OH! OH! TROUBLE...
GRRR! GET UP, YOU BIG LAZY LUMP — GO AND TIDY UP THE GARDEN!
B-BUT, MUM! YOU KNOW HOW GARDENING ALWAYS HURTS MY BACK!

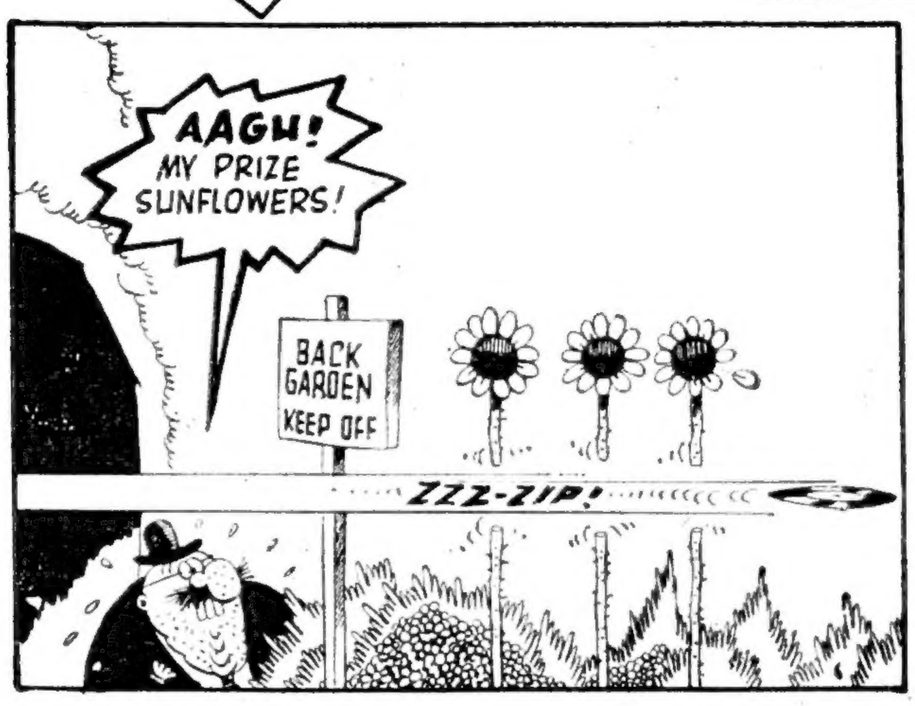
NO EXCUSES - A LITTLE EXERCISE WON'T DO YOUR BACK ANY HARM!


OOH! OOH! BENDING'S HARD WORK WHEN YOU'RE BUILT LIKE ME!
CREAK!
CREAK!

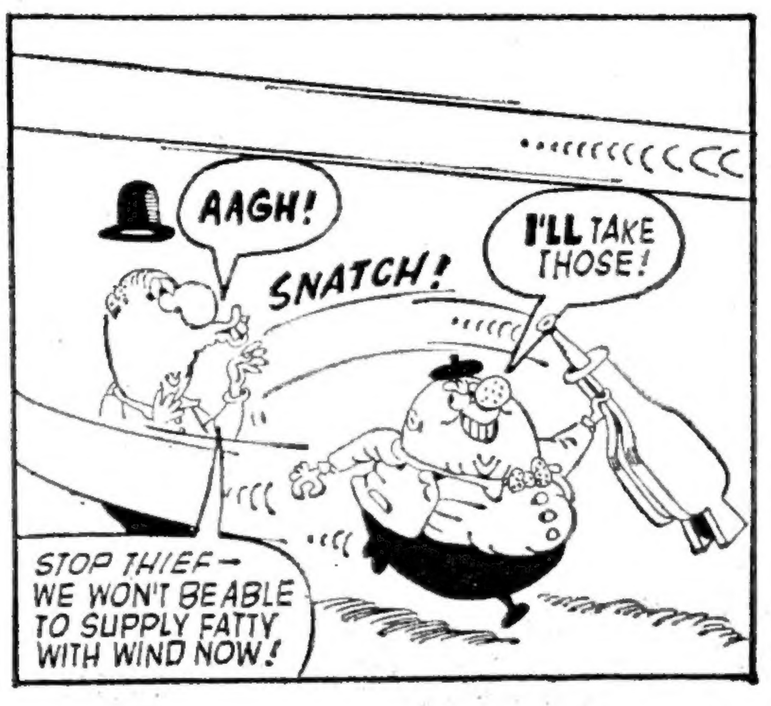

IN THE BACK DEPARTMENT...
AAGH! HELP! FATTY MUST BE BENDING HIS BACK, THE BIG TWERP!


AAGH! NO! THERE GOES MY FAVOURITE RECORD — THAT CLOT, FATTY, IS ALWAYS DOING THIS!
BOING!
BACK LOG

WHIZZZZZ!
COME BACK! COME BACK!


AAGH! MY PRIZE SUNFLOWERS!
BACK GARDEN KEEP OFF
ZZZ-ZIP!

WHOOOOOOSH!
LUNG DEPT.
COO! IF I COULD GET THOSE BELLOWS I COULD BLOW THE RECORD BACK HOME!


AAGH!
SNATCH!
I'LL TAKE THOSE!
STOP THIEF — WE WON'T BE ABLE TO SUPPLY FATTY WITH WIND NOW!

HEH! HEH! THAT'S SHUT HIM UP - NOW TO GET MY RECORD!

HELP! AN AIR ATTACK!

WHOOSH!

PHEW! MY BACK ISN'T SORE! BUT I'M - GASP - ALL PUFFED - I'M RUNNING OUT OF WIND! GASP! GASP!

MEANWHILE...

WHOOSH!

IT'S WORKING A TREAT - I'VE ALMOST GOT IT BACK!

BACK DOOR

BACK ROOM

COME TO ME! THERE'S A GOOD LAD!

HELP! IT'S SLIPPED THROUGH MY FINGERS!

BACK SEAT

CRASH!

AAGH! NO! MY FAVOURITE DISC - IT'S SMASHED TO BITS!

GRRR! THIS IS ALL FATTY'S FAULT - I'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON!

BACK HAMMER

AHA! THERE'S FATTY'S SPINE!

SPINAL COLUMN

GRRR! I HOPE HE FEELS THIS!

THUMP! CRASH! BANG!

LOOKS LIKE FATTY IS FEELING IT!

AIEE! ME BACK! OOH! OOH! OOOH!

THUMP! CRASH! BANG!

LATER...

IT LOOKS LIKE A SLIPPED DISC - BETTER KEEP HIM IN BED FOR A FEW DAYS - DON'T LET HIM GET UP!

GOSH! HE D-DID HURT HIS BACK!

MOAN! GROAN!

IN FATTY'S BACK DEPARTMENT...

BACK ROOM

HO! HO! I DON'T MIND NOW! I'VE LOTS MORE DISCS AND THERE'S NO CHANCE OF THEIR SLIPPING - FATTY'S GOT TO STAY IN BED! A HOLIDAY FOR ME! YIPEE!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

GLOOM

IF ONLY I HAD A COPPER'S UNIFORM I COULD WALK INTO BANKS UNSUSPECTED — NO ONE GIVES A POLICEMAN A SECOND LOOK!

NUTS

LET'S PINCH ONE THEN!

YAHOO! BRILLIANT, SQUELCH! THAT'S IT! YAHOO!

OUCH!

CRUNCH!

AND SO...

HEH! HEH! HERE'S ONE NOW— JUST MY SIZE!

TEE! HEE! I'VE GOT HIS HELMET FOR THE BOSS!

AAGH! MY NOSE!

OH, NO! THE CORD'S CAUGHT IN HIS OUTSIZE SNIFFER!

STOP! STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW! HAND OVER THAT HELMET!

GRR! WE'LL NEVER GET THE REST OF HIS TOGS NOW!

BOSS! QUICK! IN HERE!

YAHOO! WE'RE SAVED! THE HEADLESS WONDER'S BROUGHT THE SUBMARINE!

GRIMLY'S SEA SQUID

HEE! HEE! THAT COP WILL NEVER CATCH US NOW!

GRIMLY'S

GRR! I'M NOT BEATEN YET! I'M THE CHAMPION UNDERWATER SWIMMER IN THE FORCE!

GRIMLY'S SEA SQUID

OH, NO! HE'S COMING AFTER US, BOSS!

HEH! HEH! WE'LL TORPEDO HIM! FIRE NUMBER ONE, LAD!

AAGH! THE TWERPS ARE TRYING TO TORPEDO ME!

WHOOSH!

WHOOSH!

SPLAT!

AAGH!!

HO! HO! THINGS HAVE TURNED OUT FINE AFTER ALL—GRAB HIS TOGS, SQUELCH!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, BOSS!

AAGH! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!

HEH! HEH! HEH!

BAH! THAT SOAKING SHRUNK THE COP'S TOGS!

I BET EVERYONE WOULD GIVE **THAT** COP A SECOND LOOK! HO! HO!